Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

2/-
Fortnightly

The Sketch

SKETCH SUBSCRIPTION RATES (including Christmas Number)

Twelve Months . .	Inland & Overseas £3 : 0 : 0 . .	Canada £2 : 19 : 0
Six Months . . .	„ „ „ £1 : 12 : 0 . .	„ £1 : 11 : 6

(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)

BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

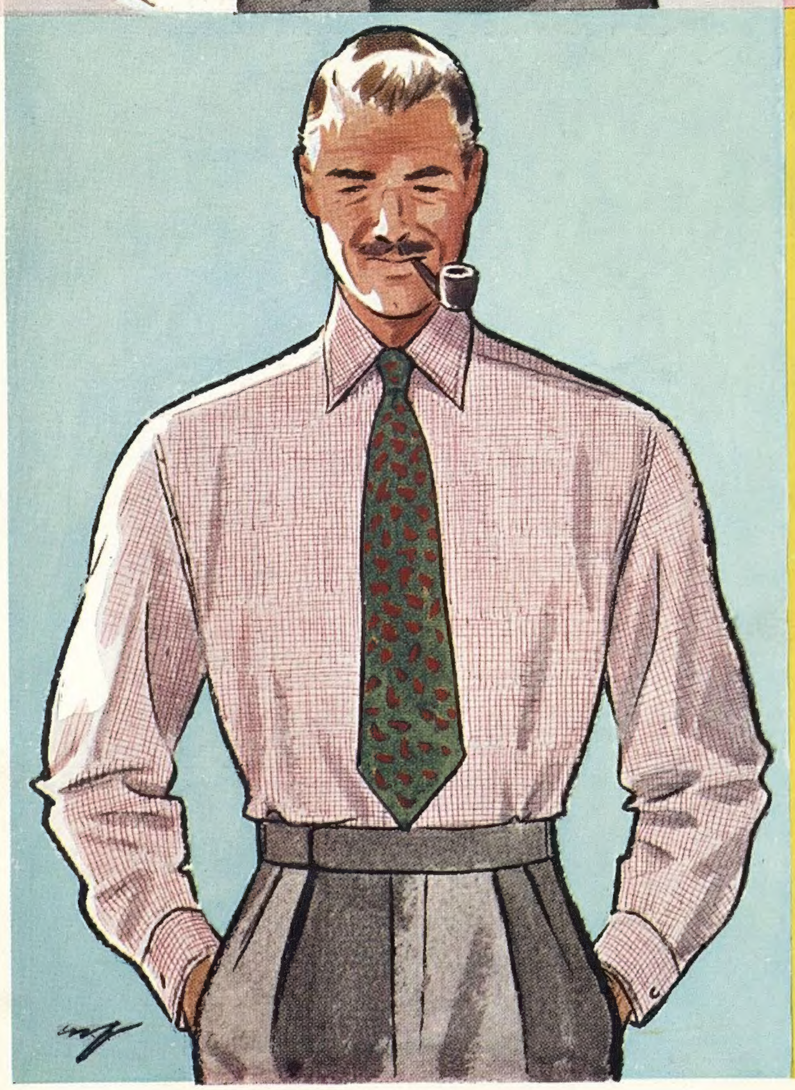
Cerebos
Salt of crystal purity

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., Ltd., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

'Are you a POLLYGAMIST?'
A POLLYGAMIST is a man who is wedded to 'Polly' because it makes the liveliest partner for "Scotch".
Apollinaris NATURAL SPARKLING WATER — BOTTLED AT THE SPRING.

McVITIE & PRICE
Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.



Double duty . . .

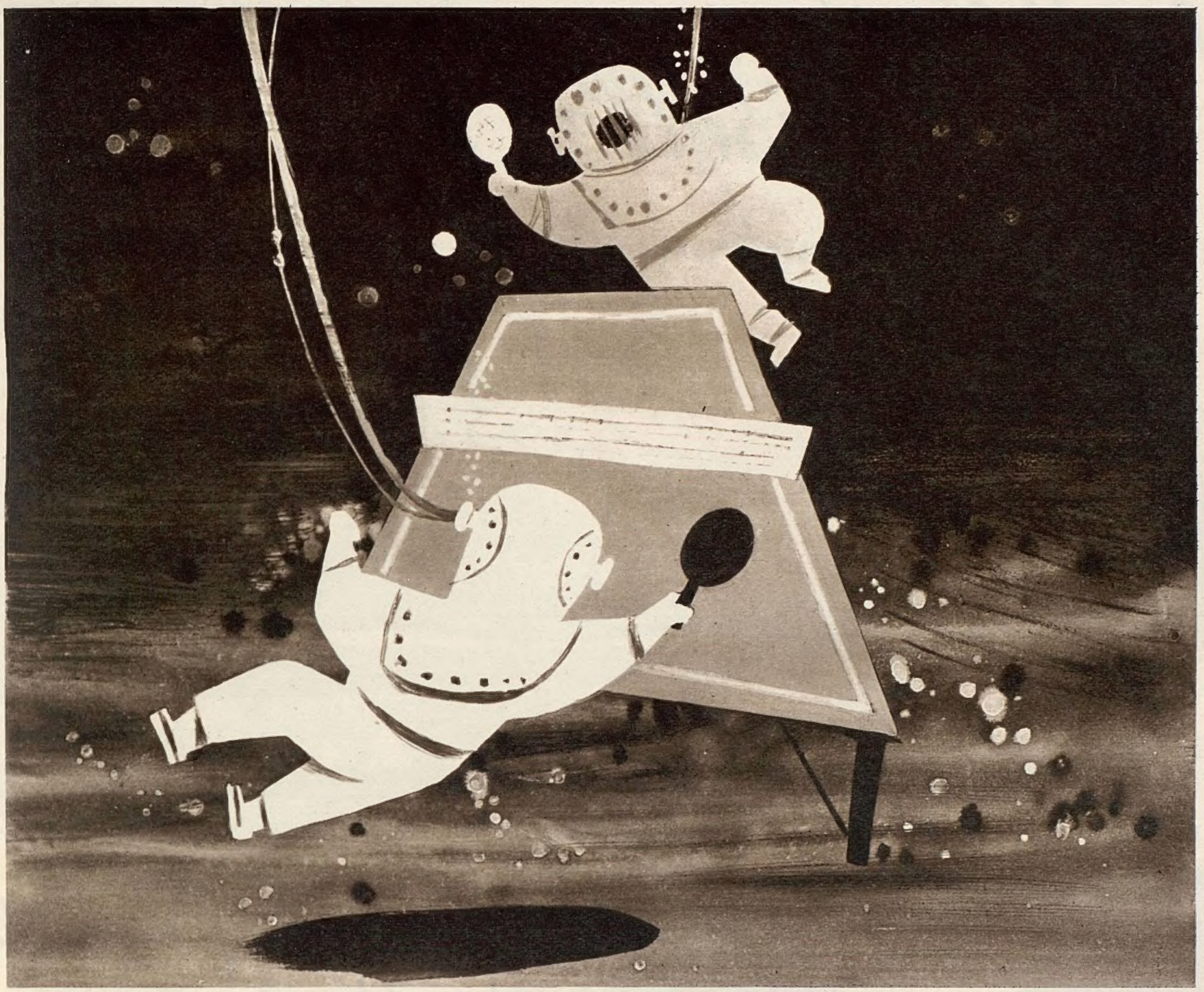
These Simpson shirts, in beautifully textured cotton Oxford, play two roles—partnering a town suit or weekend Daks with equal distinction. It is the cutaway collar—attached and trubenised—that makes them so versatile. Tailored coat style. Single button cuff, two sleeve lengths. Sizes 14½ - 17½. £2 . 10 . 0. Black, brown, blue stripes; maroon/grey, blue/white, brown/white, black/white, green/white checks; or plain blue, green, grey, fawn. We guarantee to replace any shirt that shrinks out of fit.

When ordering by post give chest measurement, height and collar size.

Simpson PICCADILLY

Men's Shirts—ground floor

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. London W.1 Regent 2002



The Schweppshire Way of Life

2. SWEATED LEISURE

"It is in the do of doing that the use of useless lies . . ." And for those who choose the descending moving staircase as their path in the race up the ladder of life, this dictum of our Exischweppsialist Philosophy will be self-evident. Cora Punt, at the age of eight, was able to recite page 72 of Bradshaw's Railway Guide backwards, and engrave the first twelve stanzas of *Don Juan* on a single piece of bread and butter. See, here, the difficult yet pointless Plinge-plonge, or Underwater Ping-pong. Though they lost their singles against the Latvians, our boys nearly won a game in the doubles and show real promise at this testing sport.

INSET. "Technically an interesting climb", said Major Colwyn-Bates, first up the difficult smoke-stack of this famous north country boiler factory. Air Marshal Plank, who organized the climb, told how the brickwork, though the smoke-stack was rotted with the fumes of typical smoke, offered scant foothold. "But the Schwerpas were splendid", he added, and all agreed that up to Ventilator 4, nobody could possibly have done without them.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Youthlines 'Giselle'

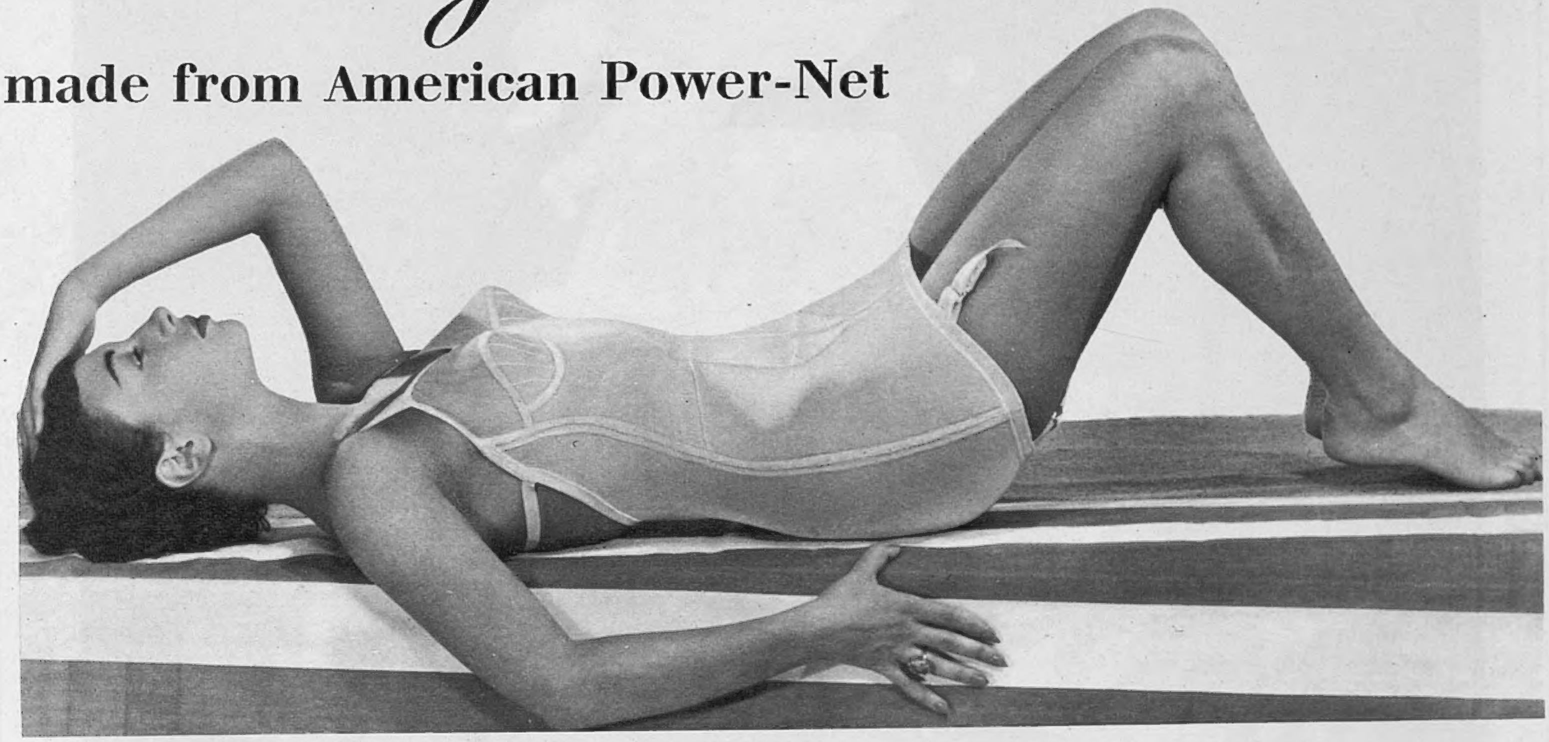
made from American Power-Net

The strength, stretch and lightness of American 'Nylon Power-Net' is famed throughout the States.

We have used this wonder fabric in our oh-so-flattering corselette *Giselle* . . . to give you the slender, willowy line.

And for those who prefer it, there's our lovely above-the-waist girdle . . . a wisp of a girdle, lighter than words can say. Don't miss that.

Giselle girdles and corselettes are both made in small, medium and large sizes, available in good shops everywhere.



W. B. LIMITED (*Wholesale only*) MADDOX HOUSE · REGENT STREET · LONDON · W. I

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Where Every Beautiful Hair Dressing Begins...

Every lovely coiffure owes its beauty to healthy hair; for, as all good hairdressers agree, hair that is healthy takes a permanent wave better, *keeps a permanent wave longer* and sets more easily and charmingly.

There is no better way of keeping the hair healthy than regular brushing with a Mason Pearson brush — the brush that *really* brushes.

With its slender spired tufts of nylon or black wild boar bristles, set in a pneumatic rubber cushion, the Mason Pearson penetrates right to the scalp. It stimulates, aerates, sweeps away dust and dandruff and lifts every disarranged strand into place, restoring the set to its proper formation.

And remember, a Mason Pearson improves a permanent wave. Ask at your chemist's, hairdresser's or stores or direct from Mason Pearson Bros., 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

PRICES FROM
10/-
UP TO 52/6

Interesting booklet, post free, from Mason Pearson Bros., 70 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

MASON PEARSON

London — England

All reasonably priced from stores and shops everywhere

GOR-RAY LIMITED : 107 NEW BOND ST. LONDON W.1

fashionable as tomorrow . . .

Court shoes by Holmes of Norwich

St. Valery

in black or tan
finest calf **95/-**

Tabarin

a fine calf court in
many colours also
in black suede **89/9**

Holmes Norwich — Fine Shoes

DISTRIBUTORS: EDWARD HOLMES LIMITED
NORWICH AND 23 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1

deréta

VERONA

In pure worsted Barathea, this suit is all fashion, all flattery! With gentle gauging at the top, smooth soft shoulders and sleek skirt, it fits with assurance and poise. In black, royal, red, navy, charcoal, bottle and varying tones of Paris-beige.

11 GNS

Extra for size 18

ENQUIRIES TO: *deréta* (LONDON) LTD., DEPT. 2C, PUBLICITY, KENT HOUSE, MARKET PLACE, LONDON, W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)

And *she*

of course

will be wearing . . .

THE ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

No, darling, he isn't swearing—
that's just what the French say when
the waiter takes more than two
minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet,
darling, Lillet. It's the most *heavenly*
apéritif. You mean to tell me you've
never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say,
you must have one *at once.* Garcon!

LILLET

is the finest and the most exhilarating of all apéritifs. It is a matured blend of white wines, is made exclusively in one small region of France, and is preferred by intelligent gastronomes all over the world. Drink Lillet on its own with ice and a sliver of lemon — or with one-third gin.

The famous Italian LIQUEUR of quality and distinction

Ask your Wine Merchant today about

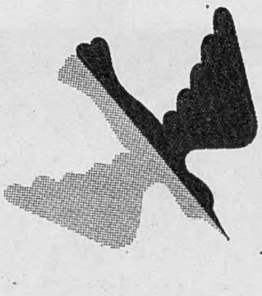
STREGA

Provides the perfect after Lunch or Dinner enjoyment.

Available everywhere in bottles, ½ bottles and miniatures

48/6 per bottle

Sole Agents **F. S. MATTA LTD**
Matta House, 218-220 Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1



welcome

Welcome and fresh as Spring sunshine is the re-styled magazine—Britannia and EVE—bringing new interest and pleasure to the modern woman's leisure hours. The influence of EVE now holds sway . . . the things she does, wears, makes . . . the home she lives in and cares for. There's a wealth of good reading, too, with five short stories and feature articles that are different.

welcome

to the new Britannia and EVE—the most delightful and intelligent woman's magazine on the bookstall. Get it today from your usual bookstall or newsagent for already it is much in demand.

the re-styled
BRITANNIA and Eve

OF ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS

For the perfect holiday...

Whatever your age or tastes, you'll find — and so will your family — that Spain offers you a holiday different from anything you enjoyed before. Unspoilt, too! Sunshine and summertime all the year round. Also—Spain has everything!

Is architecture your hobby? Ever seen the Alhambra, the famed Moorish palace at Granada? Ever visited the ancient city of Tarragona — part Phoenician, Greek, Roman? You'll find that Spain is a treasure-house of such wonders.

Are you a sun-bather? Along the lovely stretches of the Spanish coast, particularly in the North, there are countless little coves, sheltered by rocks and sweet smelling pines, where the sea is always warm.

Do you like good food? Spain is famous for its regional foods and cooking — particularly the shell-fish dishes of Catalonia (with delicious vin rosé) and the richer foods of Aragon and the Basque country. You spend a lot of time eating and drinking, in Spain.

Do you like value for money? How much further your currency goes in Spain —with prices so reasonable! Full pension from under £1 a day. A bottle of wine from less than a shilling. Real Havana cigars from 1/9d. What a wonderful time you can have!

★ SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

come to sunny SPAIN

Peter Clark

Jacket of ranch mink, 1120 gns.

all that is best in fur at

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

LANgham 4444

The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1954.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

Photographed by Serge Lido.

NEW RÔLE FOR MARKOVA

Londoners will have an opportunity of seeing Alicia Markova in two new ballets in the recital she is giving on April 15th, for one night only, at the Royal Albert Hall, with the Philharmonia Orchestra. Miss Markova will be partnered by twenty-five-year-old Milorad Miskovitch, pictured here with her in a scene from *L'Après Midi d'un Faune*, which she has revised in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Diaghilev. The other new ballet is a classical version of the old Spanish *Bolero*.

I.I.P.A. ANNUAL DINNER: There were five hundred guests at the annual dinner of the Institute of Incorporated Practitioners in Advertising at the Dorchester Hotel on March 30th. Interest in the I.I.P.A.'s doings has increased steadily since the Institute was founded in 1927, and this annual function attracts many V.I.P.s: artist "Mac" went along for us to catch some of them when they weren't looking and found his task made easier by reason of the fact that the speeches were excellent and held everyone's interest!

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

I KNOW of few experiences less pleasant than being laid up in a hotel 1500 miles from home. Ailments should be kept strictly domestic, a fact which I first appreciated in Libya, some years before the war, when I had a raging toothache and the nearest relief of any sort was an Italian Army doctor some 300 miles away, at the then small garrison port of Tobruk. One tends to become very sorry for oneself, as Dean Spanley, when he was transformed into a dog, appreciated when he came home after an all-day hunt and found the door locked. As I remember it, he said: "'I am out in the cold, and the moon is after me. It is a terrible, terrible night and I shall die in the cold, and my ghost will haunt this house. My ghost will wail in the house when the cold and the moon have killed me. I am a poor dog out in the dark.' Those were my very words; it made me very sad to hear myself saying them, and my tail drooped under me and my voice became very mournful."

However, one's gloomy thoughts in the night-watches of that service in the English church, and one's friends at the Embassy gratefully refreshing themselves afterwards from the big tray in the Ambassador's drawing-room, have been dispelled for me by the fact that I have as a companion in crime Leo Dearlove, who represents one of the greatest group of engineering companies in the world, and who has a nice taste in epitaphs. He has introduced me to one which comes from the church at Lelant, Cornwall. I admire it for its sturdy egalitarianism:

Here lie I by the chancel door
Here lie I because I am poor.
The farther in the more you pay,
But I am just as good as they.

Leo, incidentally, has also added two gems to my collection of Continental hotel names. You know the kind of thing I mean: "Hotel Bel-Air Eden and Terminusbar." At Lourdes there are two hotels which have been named, with simple piety, the one the "Hotel du Bon Pasteur et des Americains," the other, "Hotel des très Saints Sacraments." I wish one could come across, apart from inn signs, the same sort of thing in England. I would greatly like Continental visitors to be gladdened in a famous cathedral town by "Grand Hotel de la France et du Dean de Canterbury."

These ecclesiastical thoughts remind me that the cross on barrels of beer, which now denotes its strength, in pre-Reformation days showed that the priest had blessed the first barrel of brew, which was dedicated to the Church. I have a pleasant mental picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, or even the ebullient Mr. Billy Graham, turning up at a brewery to bless Messrs. Bung's Monday morning early brew.

The number of pre-Reformation customs which have passed

into our language, and whose origin is now forgotten, is very large. For example: "I haven't a penny to bless myself with" derives from the pre-Reformation custom of making the sign of the cross over the first penny earned in any day. In the same way, the habit of spitting on a penny for good luck derives from the puritanical dislike of the blessing of the penny.

By the way, was it an American or a Frenchman who said: "The English have no religion, but God gave them cricket to give them a sense of eternity"?

SHORTLY before embarking on this short and ill-starred trip, I heard Anthony Eden speak at the Coningsby Club. It was a first-class speech, as always is the case when he gets away from the formal occasion and the set oration. Indeed, if I were the organiser of a political meeting for the Foreign Secretary, I should always arrange for a few hecklers to be present to force him away from his notes and into the spontaneity which makes a speech so attractive to listen to. A good rowdy meeting always brings out the best in him, as it does in speakers such as Herbert Morrison and Harold Macmillan.

Sir Winston is, of course, the supreme exponent of the retort courteous — or discourteous — although he is perhaps even happier in the House of Commons than on a platform. Lord Woolton, on the other hand, is no great master of the art of dealing with hecklers. He is an artist in the creation of simple phrasing who does not like to have his arm jogged.

To speak well, of course, one must suffer torments of apprehension, and I am afraid lest one friend of mine, who is making a great name for himself in the present Parliament, may not be ceasing to have butterflies in his stomach. I hope for his sake that he will long continue to feel faintly sick beforehand. Nothing is more boring and less convincing than complete fluency and obvious polish.

A MESSAGE from Berlin the other day which revealed that a certain German nobleman was now a propagandist for Red Germany and for Russia, has recalled for me one of the oddest incidents of the early days of the war.

This man—he comes of one of the oldest families in Europe—was, until a few days before the outbreak of the war, at the German Embassy in London. He was a personal friend of mine, so much so that a cloak-and-dagger gentleman warned me that I was to be careful of him, as he was regarded as one of the most dangerous German agents in Western Europe.

Three weeks after the outbreak of the war I was walking in London with two members of my staff, and who should I run into but this man—dressed in dingy grey flannel trousers, a frayed flannel shirt open at the neck, and a tweed jacket. It was a horrid shock, as it immediately occurred to me that he must be in England as a spy, and that it was my duty to hand him over to the nearest policeman, and that one would, therefore, be responsible for having somebody who, but for the outbreak of the war, had been a good friend, shot.

Before I could say anything, he said: "Could I have a word with you, Toby?"

I told my companions to go a few yards ahead, but to stop there.

He then said: "I suppose you are surprised to see me"—which indeed came into the department of understatement—"If you come with me to that 'phone box and ring up Blank, I think you will find that it is O.K."

When I got on to Blank, who was a very important individual indeed, I explained the shock I had received, to which he replied: "Does his name begin with So-and-so?" And when I said, "Yes," he said: "Oh, that will be all right, you 'll find."

Though I heard of him often, I only saw him once again, wandering alone around the P.O.W. Exhibition in the gardens of (I think) Lancaster House. He was quite alone and looking depressed. It occurred to both my wife and myself that we should have invited him to come and have a drink. Somehow, I do not know why we did not do so, and it worried us afterwards. I am glad to see now that we need not have worried.

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

It is not kind or tactful when your host
Alarms you with the exploits of his ghost
Then wishes you a night of pleasant dreams—
Turning a deaf ear to your mid-night screams.

IT was strange to be discussing partridge prospects in England 2000 ft. above sea-level at Delphi—the oldest ruins in Europe. (Re-reading this I freely offer it to the compiler of the "This England" column in a famous Left-Wing weekly.) I was one of a party which made the long journey from Athens along the Sacred Way to Delphi.

In ancient days there were holy wars at intervals because the tribes through whose territory the Sacred Way ran made the passage of the pilgrims difficult. As a result, their cities were often razed to the ground and a severe fine in talents exacted from the survivors. To-day some such action should be taken against the Greek equivalent of Alan Lennox-Boyd. The hairpin bends after Levadhia, where one leaves the strategic road to the north, are, of course, imposed by nature. The surface of the road, however, is quite intolerably bad, considering that it is one of the most famous tourist roads in the world.

Our party included Lord Leicester and his delightful and intelligent daughter, Lady Anne Coke, one of the six train-bearers to the Queen at the Coronation, whose natural beauty must have been the despair of Miss Elizabeth Arden, just as the precision of their movements would have delighted the heart of a Guards R.S.M. Anne Coke runs a pottery business in the Old Laundry at Holkham, which now employs ten people and has difficulty, I gather, in keeping pace with the flood of orders.

I must confess that I approached the trip with a certain amount of gloom. My Greek host, who has a remarkable capacity for getting names wrong, told me that in the party would be "Lord Rochester," who is, I think, a former Liberal Member of Parliament, now aged seventy-eight, a pillar of the Methodist Church, and, I believe, an ardent temperance reformer—admirable qualities which would have perhaps accorded ill with the mild hilarity of our party. The youthful Lord Leicester (I call him that, as he is exactly the same age as I am!), was a pleasing addition to the party, and it was with him that I was discussing the future of partridges in these days of insecticides, bull-dozed hedges and modern mechanical farming. Alas, he destroyed for me the illusion that his grandfather in the great days of Holkham partridge shooting used to place the neighbouring guns 100 yards on either side of him, so that he could, if necessary, fire down the line.

I AM sorry that my enforced absence prevents me, on the evening I write this, being in London and going to two parties—Teddy and Nika Hulton's, and Freda de Casa Maury's. Teddy and Nika are admirable hosts: among the limited number of the very rich who know how to spend their money with taste and discretion.

Freda de Casa Maury is greatly on my conscience. She runs my favourite charity, the Feathers Clubs' Association, founded by the then Prince of Wales, and doing splendid work keeping boys and girls occupied of an evening in the worst slum districts of London. (If you believe the story that we have "abolished the slums," come with me one evening to any of the clubs, and look at the surroundings from which the members are drawn.) Like all charities of this sort, this Feathers Clubs' Association is desperately short of money. Indeed, dear Nika, should you read this, you could do worse than send to the Marquesa the price of the champagne I would have drunk had I been able to be with you—and I feel that I should have been *very* thirsty this evening!

1. "Am I shocking you, talking like this?" At their first meeting, Sally (Dorothy Tutin) gives Christopher (Michael Gwynn) the full treatment.

2. Fritz Wendel (Robert Cartland), Christopher's friend, has brought Sally to tea. He is on gossiping terms with the landlady, Fraulein Schneider (Marianne Deeming).

A "Sketch" Photo-Call

"I Am a Camera"

John van Druten's play may be seen at the New Theatre; it is based on Christopher Isherwood's story, *Sally Bowles*. Dorothy Tutin plays Sally, and Michael Gwynn plays Isherwood. Fraulein Schneider, the Berlin landlady with the enormous bosom, is played by Marianne Deeming; Clive Mortimer, the rich, shiftless American, by Hugh McDermott. Robert Cartland and Renee Goddard play Fritz and Natalia, the young Jewish couple, and Everley Gregg is frighteningly credible as Sally's mother—all three of them parts that Mr. van Druten has grafted on to the original story.

The scene is Berlin. Outside Fraulein Schneider's flat there are bread-lines, and Nazi demagogues stir the people to unreasoning violence. Inside, the Fraulein sits by her window and watches the professional ladies in the street, while Christopher staves off complete poverty by giving English lessons, and begins work on his second novel. He has only one pupil, Natalia, the daughter of a rich Jew owning one of Berlin's Department Stores. On a day when she is due for a lesson, he is visited by his friend Fritz, an ingenuous fortune-hunter, whose command of English is "ultimately" erratic. And Fritz brings Sally to tea—and begins the play.

For the play is about Sally. About her passion for *outré* words and *outré* costume. About her depressions and enthusiasms, her ill-managed love-life, the innocent artificiality of her Bohemianism:—the gin tastes of toothpaste, and she stirs prairie oysters with a thermometer. Wherever she goes, Sally takes a ghastly nursery picture, *The Kitten's Awakening*; from respectable Lancashire to a Berlin night-club is a long way, but one carries one's past for every step of it. Indeed, we have learned much, before the play ends, of Sally's past through Sally's present. Since *I Am a Camera* is a comedy, Mr. van Druten does not tell us of Sally's future.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

5. Christopher's only pupil, self-possessed Natalia (Renee Goddard), has fallen in love with Fritz; she feels frightened and humiliated. Sally, still weak from her operation, is well able to sympathise.

7. But Clive is bored and leaves Berlin without telling Chris and Sally, who are left to pick up the wreckage of their dream. The first task is to tell Fraulein Schneider that they will not be leaving after all.

3. Evicted by her landlady, Sally has moved into Christopher's room, and he is across the hall at a lower rent. The picture and the teddy bear are her contributions to the furniture.

4. Careless in all things, Sally has fallen in love with her accompanist at the night-club. She learns that he has deserted her, and she is to bear his child. Christopher comforts her.

6. The Episode of the Rich American (Hugh McDermott ; *left*) : Sally and Chris have found him in a bar. He is bored, rich and restless. He takes them to dinner, and showers them with champagne and shirts. They are all to go together on a trip round the world ; Sally will make a great career in Hollywood. She and Chris prepare for the trip, buy new clothes, and drink to the parasitical life that is beginning.

8. The Arrival of Mama. Sally telephoned to her in London on a drunken whim, and now Mama has arrived. She swamps the innocent relationship between Sally and Christopher with a determined tolerance, assuming they will return to England to marry.

9. We leave for speculation the end of the play. But be certain at least that Fritz and Natalia find a sort of happiness. In tending the hurt she has received in an anti-Semitic brawl, Fritz declares his affections.

Our Bookshelf

THE HIDDEN HEART. By Jane Gillespie. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)

CORNER OF THE MOON. By Sheila Steen. (*Victor Gollancz, Ltd. ; 13s. 6d.*)

THE END OF AN OLD SONG. By J. D. Scott. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 12s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

ANY novel about a nursery governess in love with her employer has a Victorian flavour at once demure and provocative; and, in the first and undoubtedly more interesting part of *The Hidden Heart*, when Delphine Grier takes charge of little Charlotte Musgrave, wins her affection, and, after a brief sojourn, has to leave again, the author does not bother to find a drastic breakaway in plot from *Jane Eyre*. For, *of course*, Charlotte's nice father falls for Delphine; and, of course, his wife (not too sane to begin with) waxes monstrously jealous; and, of course, the nurse persecutes the governess, a feud entirely in period. However, Charlotte is tougher than we might have supposed, and we welcome as excellent child psychology her oddly matter-of-fact acceptance of both their departures. Little princess of her dancing class, she falls foul (literally) of a clumsy boy partner who turns on her and calls her, "You ugly little bitch" . . . wherefore they are surely destined to meet and marry when they are both grown-up. But Miss Gillespie resists such a conventionally happy outcome, and hands us a loose end instead. Another surprise: about ten years later, when the irascible Seth Andrew marches in to enlighten Charlotte on the facts of life, we hold our breath and wait for the great seduction scene or, alternatively, the great renunciation act, so often has a Victorian maiden been enamoured of her fascinating music master; Miss Gillespie settles for renunciation, giving their scenes together a modern treatment, wry and wholly effective.

Abandoned by his wife and slowly dying of an incurable disease, Ellis Musgrave proves too much of a burden for his daughter alone, and Delphine comes to the rescue; the three move to a cottage in the Cotswolds; and here what might have been a gross, or at least an embarrassing, situation is beautifully, delicately handled; a fairy-tale atmosphere conveyed without any wrench at probability; their neighbours are kind, and do or say nothing to tear the tranquil air. We are, however, treated to a great many introspective conversations round Ellis' bedside, on life and its triangular complexities, and the three protagonists are perhaps somewhat over-articulate.

The subsequent behaviour of Charlotte's mother is fantastically demanding and unbalanced; and at the end we can hardly give Charlotte our consent (supposing it had been required) to immolate herself, lacking the virile opposition of a Robert Browning, on such a sacrificial altar to any Mrs. Barrett of Wimpole Street.

IT is not enough merely to make a pilgrimage and then fit the details into the kaleidoscopic pattern of a travel book. But Miss Sheila Steen, returning to a part of France she had known and loved in the past, is perfectly equipped both for her solitary journey down the valley of the Dordogne, and afterwards to hold her readers while she recollects, in *Corner of the Moon*, the magic expedition from its start at Puy-de-Dôme, through caves and mountains and underground rivers, with enchanted names like Padirac, Le Mont Doré and Belcastel, to Rocamadour, which "ranked as the greatest centre of pilgrimage in the world." Essentially there is a spell-binding quality in the way she sees and the way she writes, though every now and then we may wish, as Virgil may sometimes have wished on his personally-conducted tour from the Inferno to the Seventh Heaven, that our guide were not quite so serious; yet she can lapse (as certainly Dante never did) into a pleasant earthy humour, gravely embodied into the text as though she did not know it was there, which adds to its attraction; as when she reports asking for the lavatory at the mill at Rotabourg, and the nicest of all her procession of landladies—

waved in a queenly manner into the rugged starlit silent night. "Voilà!" she serenely said. "N'importe où—et ne vous genez pas!"

And, again, when another inn proprietress benevolently offered her a share in a strange gentleman's double bed:

"Needless to say . . . between the two of you will be a moral wall."

Very soon we become respectfully aware of the surprising amount Miss Steen knows about history and archæology, legend and Primitive Art; indeed, she apprehends things with her bones as well as with her mind.

However, discomfort, coarseness, even danger were to assail her gentle expectations: horrible men at the inn, horrible dogs on the hill broke savagely into a holiday that, nevertheless, remained to her a series of holy days linked by beauty; while steadily the brave conviction grew that she had been right to come in this spirit to these places:

In the ancient tradition, in search of truth, I had without being aware of it travelled the proper way to a shrine—barefoot and poor.

LET no one imagine from the title of *The End of an Old Song* that Mr. J. D. Scott has written a novel of tender, sentimental dalliance. On the contrary, the story advances in great strides, as though the author were too impatient to stop and share with us his love of Kingisbyres, the half-ruined old mansion on the Scottish moors which dominates the whole book. In the last chapter, by some mysterious accident, it goes up in flames and perishes; some novelists, if they have to burn down a house, can manage little more than a bonfire damply flickering on Guy Fawkes' Day, but here we have a real conflagration.

Alistair Kerr, the hero of the book, is presented with a hard mastery, neither fictional-winsome nor fictional-fey nor fictional-pawky . . . indeed, every now and then he savagely burlesques the wee Scottish laddie of tradition, refusing to stand for "all that stuff about national character, Hadrian's Wall and Bonny Prince Charlie." He need only appear to create tension, and—something of an achievement—we wholly believe that the love-scenes between him and Catherine Harvey were a thrilling affair, even though our first intimation is a casual announcement, to the friend of Alistair's schooldays, that they are married. This Patrick, narrator of the tale, suffers, paradoxically, the semi-oblivion so often resulting from his office of first-person-singular; but Catherine comes to life at her first entrance, a bold wench with an odd flaunting attraction by no means owing it all to her obvious sensuality; and Captain Keith, too, the eccentric, lovable owner of Kingisbyres, never fails to catch at our hearts, especially when he finally subsides into senile picturesque delusions, engendered by the ancestral loyalty which caused him still to pass a glass over the water-jug when giving the toast of The King Over the Water.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

G for Gladiator

Cannibal's sentiments on the demise of a lady missionary.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE MARGINS OF THE SEA.
By Maurice Burton, D.Sc.
(*Frederick Muller, Ltd. ; 15s.*)

THE YOUNGER SON.
By Doreen Wallace. (*Collins ; 12s. 6d.*)

FUTURE INDEFINITE.
By Noël Coward. (*Wm. Heinemann, Limited ; 21s.*)

UNDER MILK WOOD.
By Dylan Thomas.
(*J. M. Dent and Sons, Limited ; 8s. 6d.*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE COMPLETE WORKS.
Edited by C. J. Sisson. (*Odhams Press. 25s.*)

We were amazed to discover that Miss Phyllis Bottome will have her seventieth birthday next month. This fine study of the authoress was taken in her lovely new Campden Hill home.

Fine old china is one of the joys of her life.

Miss Bottome relaxes in her favourite armchair.

One of the house's main attractions for Miss Bottome and her psychiatrist husband, Mr. A. E. Forbes Dennis, was the beautiful oak panelling throughout.

The stables, originally converted by Hayden Coffin, are now occupied by Miss Desirée MacEwan, the pianist, being visited in her garden here by Miss Bottome and her husband.

At Home with Phyllis Bottome

Miss Phyllis Bottome's latest novel *Against Whom?* (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.) was published on April 2nd, a month before her seventieth birthday. An indefatigable writer, Miss Bottome had her first novel published in 1905, at the age of twenty-one. Since then, her fame has grown: two of her books made excellent films: *Private Worlds* and *The Mortal Storm*. She might be expected to rest on her laurels, but she shows no signs of doing so. After some years in St. Ives, in Cornwall, she and her husband have taken a lovely old house in Bedford Gardens, Campden Hill, which was originally occupied by Hayden Coffin, "the Ivor Novello of the 1890's." She lists her recreations as "reading, conversation and travel," but her greatest interest beside her writing is that which she shares with her husband, psycho-analysis. There is no doubt at all in her mind that the study of this subject has played a very important part in her literary endeavours; and of course her biographical work on Adler is one of the better-known books in this field.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

The colourfully-dressed Tyrolean Schuhplattlers: Janet Bell, Reserl Field, Teresa Elof, Rita Franklin, Marie Baust, H. Kessler, George Baust, Peter Lilley and Paul Bradley. They shared the entertaining honours with zither-player Anton Karas of *Third Man* fame, and the two performances they gave during the evening were very popular indeed.

Left: Mrs. Seth, Mr. and Mrs. Faiber, Dr. Majmuda, Mr. Khan, Mrs. Sumner, Mrs. Morgan, Dr. Sumner, Mrs. Warwick and Mr. Yates. *Centre:* Mr. John Sanders, Mrs. Malcolm Beale, Mrs. E. Hincks and Mr. B. Sutherland. *Right:* Mr. Gerald Lamb, Miss M. Cadwallader, Miss E. Pearce, Miss M. Pearce and Mr. Alan Lamb.

Alderman Griffiths, Lord Mayor of Birmingham, talks with Baroness von Wimmer, wife of the Austrian Ambassador. His Excellency sits next to her : Mr. H. Feldmann, Consul for Austria, stands behind.

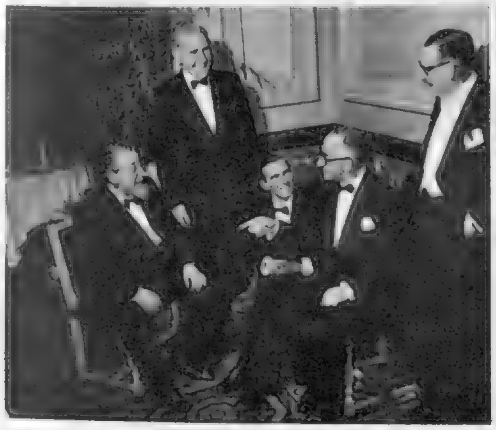
Watching the dancing from a balcony : Mr. M. R. Lambert, Miss Mary Crump, Miss W. Alldridge, Mr. K. Caswell, Miss Daphne Lambert and Mr. D. J. Arthurs.

The Austrian Ball at Birmingham

On March 24th the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, was the gay scene of a ball organised by the Birmingham Anglo-Austrian Society in aid of the victims of the Vorarlberg Avalanche Disaster Fund. Exceptionally fine Tombola prizes ranged from Austrian beer and food specialities to free holidays in Austria and Paris, and the evening was voted a great success.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Mrs. A. W. Khan, Mr. A. W. Khan, Mrs. Mary Yates and Dr. R. L. Seth.



Mr. Bernard Coaling, Mr. Millar Thomson, Mr. Malcolm Olton, Mr. Hedley Ward and Mr. Donald Wilson.

Guests crowded the dance floor to applaud zither-man Anton Karas, who achieved overnight popularity in this country for his background music in the Carol Reed film *The Third Man*.

Our Social Diary

"People and Flowers"

ON the afternoon of the private view of "People and Flowers" by Mrs. Forestier-Walker at Parsons Gallery, it was almost impossible to see the paintings, as so many people came to see the works of this talented and popular artist, who was there in person to welcome her friends. A substantial share of the proceeds of the exhibition is to go to "The Save the Children Fund," which in this case is being specially devoted to the children of Greece. Mr. J. Phrantzes, Counsellor to the Greek Embassy, spoke before the exhibition was opened by Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn, and the latter told a very amusing story about two Welshmen, with a neat *dénouement* illustrating man's dependence on the horse!

The Hon. Mrs. Harry Llewellyn was there to hear her husband's speech; their two sons' portraits were among those lent for the exhibition. Lady Katherine Brandram (H.R.H. Princess Katherine of Greece) came with her husband Captain Brandram, and a portrait of their son was also on view. I liked the painting of Miss Valerie Hobson in her *rôle* of "Anna" in *The King and I*, and she herself was at the exhibition. Other people present included the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles, Sir Leighton and Lady Seager, Major-General Sir Guy and Lady Salisbury-Jones with their daughter, Lady Head and Mrs. Renni O'Mahoney.

Derby Day Ball

THE committee of the Travellers' Club Ball gave a small cocktail party to discuss plans for the Ball which is being held at the Club on June 2nd.

I usually feel a sense of "intrusion" on the rare occasions when I have been allowed inside the hallowed precincts of a male club! But certainly this occasion was an exception, and I very much enjoyed the evening. Members of the committee who were present included Captain Julian Mills, Chairman, and Mr. Robin McDouall, Secretary. I also met Lady Bland, whose husband, Sir Neville Bland, is Vice-Chairman of the Club, Lord Leslie, and the Hon. Robin Johnstone.

Anglo-Hellenic Reception

GREEK INDEPENDENCE DAY was celebrated by the Anglo-Hellenic League with a reception at Claridge's, which was honoured by the presence of the Duchess of Kent. Guests were received by the Hon. Steven Runciman, chairman of the League.

Her Royal Highness, who was dressed in black and wore a small hat of pale beige straw, sat and talked to several people, amongst whom were Sir Percy Loraine and Lady Norton. Lady Katherine Brandram, H.E. the Greek Ambassador and Madame Mostras, with their daughter, were among the guests, who included many members of the Greek community in London. The Archbishop of Thyateira was an impressive figure in his robes, and I met Miss Argenti, whose father, Mr. Philip Argenti, is Cultural Counsellor to the Embassy.

CHARMING BRIDE was Miss Barbara Stillitz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Stillitz, before her marriage to Mr. Gerald Lennard at the New West End Synagogue.

Hunt Ball

LORD AND LADY BICESTER lent their home, Tusmore Park, for the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt Ball. The house lends itself admirably for a function of this kind, with its fine double staircase which leads from the entrance hall up to the reception rooms, one of which had been turned into a ballroom.

Lord and Lady Bicester and their son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Randal and Mrs. Smith, were present. During the evening I met Major and Mrs. Berkeley Stafford, who were staying with Mr. and Mrs. James Lane-Fox, and Mrs. Stafford's daughter, the Hon. Caroline Grenfell, who looked most attractive in a scarlet skirt with a black top.

Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Pilkington brought a party which included Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, the latter wearing the most beautiful diamond and sapphire clips with matching earrings with a dress of pale gold lamé. Mr. Pilkington is to be joint-Master of the Hunt next season with Captain Miles Gosling and Mr. Alan Budgett, both of whom were at the Ball with Mrs. Budgett.

Mr. Spencer Summers, M.P., came with his daughter Gillian, and two other young girls I noticed were Miss Kate Worsley, who looked charming in pale blue organza with a faint gold thread, and Miss Venetia Fane, who came with her mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Gibbs. I also saw the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester, Mr. William and Lady Belinda Dugdale, and Mr. and Mrs. David Leslie, the latter looking very pretty in a white lace dress.

ANGLO-AMERICAN BALL. The officers of the United States Air Force stationed at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, held a Ball in the Mess on March 27th. *Left:* Mrs. Jackman, Brigadier-General J. C. Selser, U.S.A.F., and Mrs. Selser, and Air Vice-Marshal H. D. Jackman, R.A.F. *Right:* Squadron-Leader C. S. Clarke, R.A.F., and Mrs. and Captain J. O. Good.

HOUSE OF COMMONS WEDDING. Mr. Mervyn Heald and his bride, the former Miss Clarissa Bowen, were married in the Crypt of the House of Commons. The reception was in the Members' Dining Room.

"FOXHUNTER" TROPHIES. Lieut.-Col. Harry and the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn with their two sons at their home admiring the British Championship Trophy and the King George V. Gold Cup.

BICESTER HUNT BALL was held at Tusmore Park, home of Lord and Lady Bicester. *L. to r.*: Earl of Dumfries, Mr. E. Rothschild, Miss Sally Churchill, Miss Nicola Weld-Forester.

Y.W.C.A. Concert

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, wearing a black dress embroidered with sequins, and a white ermine stole, attended the concert held at the Royal Festival Hall in aid of the Y.W.C.A. The Duchess of Marlborough, as president of the Concert Committee, presented various members to Her Royal Highness, including Countess Fortescue, Sir Robert and Lady Bird, the Hon. Isobel Catto and Mrs. Michael Wood.

A lovely programme of music was given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, the two soloists being Isobel Baillie, soprano, and Monique Haas, the French pianist, whom I have not heard before. I am afraid I am not an admirer of the inner architecture of the Hall, but there is no doubt that the acoustic properties are very good indeed. I also enjoy the fine view of the Thames by night from the balconies. During the interval I saw Sir Charles and Lady Hambro, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Savile with Miss Anne Barber.

Anglo-French Ball

A COMMITTEE meeting of the Anglo-French Ball which is being given in aid of the French Hospital was held at the private residence of H.E. the French Ambassador and Madame Massigli, one of the most beautiful houses in London. Everyone was sorry to hear that Madame Massigli could not be present, as she had been ordered a complete rest by her doctor. In her absence, we were received by the Comtesse de Crouy Chanel, who is chairman of the ball committee.

The meeting was held in the very lovely ballroom and this was soon filled to overflowing, latecomers having difficulty in finding a seat. The Marquis de Miramon, who is honorary secretary, told us something of the work of the hospital which, being cosmopolitan in character, is a boon to poor foreigners in this country. The Hospital is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions for its support. The Ball is to be held on June 22nd, at the Dorchester, and H.E. Madame Massigli and the Marquess of Reading are to be joint chairmen.

Amongst the many people there were Madame de Torrenté, wife of the Swiss

SIMPSON SERVICES CLUB. Sir Neville Pearson with Dr. Leonard Simpson at the reception held for the American Jesters' Squash Team, who are over for a short tour of Britain.

Minister, and Mme. Bouchend'homme and Madame Dormeuil, who are joint deputy chairmen for the Ball. Mrs. Charles Clore's generous offer to pay for the band was gratefully accepted by the committee. After the meeting a most welcome and delicious tea was served, and other people I saw during the afternoon included Mrs. John Dewar with Mrs. John Ward, Mrs. Stanley Cayzer, Lady Gale, Mrs. Donald Fraser and Princess Irene Wieniewska. Tickets for the Ball may be obtained from Mrs. Madge Clarke, 79, Davies Street, W.1.

Papworth Village Settlement

THE PRINCESS ROYAL, with Lady Paynter in attendance, was present at a Hat Show at the Dorchester, organised by Doreen, Marchioness of Linlithgow, in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement. Her Royal Highness is President of the Settlement which, since the early days of its inception for sufferers from tuberculosis, has been honoured with the interest and patronage of the Royal Family. When the late Lord Linlithgow was Viceroy of India, he and Lady Linlithgow associated themselves with relief work for the tubercular, and after their return to this country, Lord Linlithgow was Chairman of Papworth until his death in 1952. Lady Linlithgow is now Vice-Chairman of the Settlement, and her father, the late Sir Frederick Milner, was closely connected with its start.

The showing of the very pretty hats by Elfriede was enlivened by the presence of Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson, who made a skilful and amusing "compère"; also the white poodle belonging to Gabrielle Brune caused amusement by accompanying his mistress when she acted as model for the hats.

Amongst those watching the show were the Marchioness of Linlithgow, who sat with her two sisters-in-law, Lady Anne Southby and Lady Joan Gore-Langton, and Helen, Duchess of Northumberland. I also saw Mary, Countess of Dalhousie, with Lady Ward, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Hennessy, and Mrs. Philip Gribble.

Two Cocktail Parties

MRS. R. D. GILLESPIE, widow of Air-Commodore R. D. Gillespie, gave a cocktail party for her débutante daughter, Christina, who was presented at the second Court by Mrs. Stephen Robinson.

Young girls enjoying the party included Miss Belinda MacLean, another of this year's débutantes, Miss Elsa Villaneuva, whose father is secretary to the Minister of the Philippines, Miss Susannah Fellowes, and Miss Elizabeth Coutts-Trotter. Amongst the young men I met Lord Gray, whose brother, the Master of Gray, was also there, the Hon. Richard Long, Mr. John Hopper, and the Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley.

Another cocktail party was that given by Colonel and Mrs. Alistair Maynard for their daughter Venetia, who was presented at the second Court by her mother. There were about a hundred guests, mostly young people, and Venetia looked charming as she greeted them in a dress of kingfisher blue.

Lady Margaret Douglas-Home brought her débutante daughter Fiona, and her son Charles, just home from Eton. Major and Lady Kathleen Birney came with their débutante daughter Angela, and another young girl who came out this year was the Hon. Crystal Russell, whose mother, Lady Jessel, is giving a dance for her in July. Also among the guests were Mr. "Cob" Stenham, Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, and Miss Fenella Nicholson.

Helena

"The Sketch" Goes to

The Cannes Film Festival

where PETER NOBLE *has been seeing three films a day for* THE SKETCH, *as well as interviewing stars and attending cocktail parties and receptions, at the seventh post-war International Film Festival to be held in Cannes, South of France.*

THE glamorous inaugural Midnight Gala, given after the opening night of the 1954 Cannes International Film Festival, literally opened with a bang—the noise of a thousand fireworks being let off in the grounds of the Cannes Casino, in whose Ambassadors' Room the ball was held.

The gala provided caviare and fireworks, oysters and champagne for some 500 hungry stars, delegates and Press men from all parts of the world. Speeches of welcome were made by Robert Favre le Bret, Directeur-Générale of the Festival, and the guests were introduced to a hundred film-stars and celebrities who had poured into Cannes that day from every capital city.

Janette Scott and Robert Mitchum.

The Aga Khan and his beautiful Begum, in a stunning white lace creation from Jacques Fath, presided over the most-photographed table, where Cabinet Ministers, Ambassadors and screen celebrities chatted gaily to the staccato accompaniment of popping flash-bulbs. The Aga Khan left early, but Hollywood star, Robert Mitchum, and the eminent American director, Preston Sturges, along with some new-found friends, kept the waiters hovering until 5 a.m.

MORE than forty countries entered films in the contest this year, and the rivalry is friendly but fierce. The hits of the first week of the Festival included the American Oscar-winning *From Here to Eternity*, the Swedish nature film *The Great Adventure*, Britain's *The Kidnappers*, and a miraculous French short film called *Penguins*.

James Broughton.

This year Britain has sent two feature films, *The Kidnappers* and *Knave of Hearts* (*Monsieur Ripois*), in which Gerard Philipe, leading French romantic star, came over to star at Elstree a few months ago. In this picture he gets five leading ladies—Joan Greenwood, Valerie Hobson, Margaret Johnston, Natasha Parry and Diana Decker!

The Aga Khan with Michele Morgan.

Britain's three short films ("*courts metrages*," as they are known at the Festival), are *The Pleasure Garden*, a mad romp made in the gardens of the Crystal Palace last year by the young American *avant garde* director James Broughton (whose *Loony Tom*, shown at the film societies and "art cinemas" in Britain and the U.S.A., is by now a classic), *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*, a cartoon in colour made by John Halas and Joy Batchelor, and *The Blakes Slept Here*, directed by Jacques Brunius, French actor and director who now lives in London.

High hopes are pinned on Britain's feature films, *The Kidnappers* and *Knave of Hearts* (*Monsieur Ripois*), while *The Pleasure Garden* is almost sure to win the award in its own class. (It will be remembered that Great Britain won the award last year at Cannes with that delightful short, *The Stranger Left No Card*.)

HIGHLIGHTS of the Festival: drinking Cinzano on the terrace of the Drap d'Or with Michele Morgan, and Hollywood's ace villain, Jack Palance; having the most delicious lobster at the Bohemian Da Boutteau Restaurant in a side-street near the Cannes Harbour, formerly a fisherman's bar, but now patronised by Lady Docker, Greta Garbo and Orson Welles, and going to a party at Jacques Fath's lovely villa on the hill outside Cannes with teen-aged Janette Scott and handsome Richard Todd.

Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter (of *The Kidnappers*).

Khorlova.

Other memorable moments: seeing *The Great Adventure* and exchanging a few words in halting Swedish with its enchanting child star, Kjell Sücksdorff, chatting with my idol, Jean Cocteau, as we lazed together on the beach, about British films ("*J'adore* Ann Todd, Trevor Howard *et* Robert Donat," said Cocteau, who is the Head of the Jury at the Festival this year), and watching Arletty eating a banana in the foyer of the Carlton Hotel!

The most chic star at Cannes so far: Michele Morgan.

The most beautiful: Gina Lollobrigida.

The shyest star: Arlene Dahl, who scuttles away whenever a photographer appears.

The most friendly star: Khorlova, the huge, smiling giant from the U.S.S.R.,

Gerard Philipe and Joan Greenwood.

who scored a personal success with his acting in the title-rôle of *Scander Beg*.

The best food on the Côte d'Azur? *All* the restaurants, large and small, cheap and expensive, have delicious food, beautifully cooked and served!

The most popular Englishman in Cannes: London painter Doyly John, whose brilliantly colourful paintings of Cannes are sold all over the world, bringing countless tourists here, all anxious to see whether Cannes is actually as sun-kissed and lovely as it appears in John's best-selling paintings. P.S.—It *is*!

Personality Parade—19

SIR MILES THOMAS

Photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

The smiling grey eyes and genial manner of the Chairman of B.O.A.C. mask only thinly a tremendously forceful personality and an exceptionally active brain. Meeting him, listening to him, one ceases to marvel at the way he turned B.O.A.C.'s deficit of £8,000,000 into a profit in less than five years. He was sure it could be done, and he did it: it is suddenly as simple as that. His experience is vast and varied: he followed service in the R.F.C. in the "stick and string" era with technical editing of motoring publications; followed that with twenty-five years in the Nuffield Organisation which led to his appointment as managing director and vice-chairman of the entire organisation. During the last war, the Government used him as chairman of various committees and missions concerned with tank production. Past-presidencies in the International Air Transport Association and the Advertising Association indicate his deep interest in global affairs and modern progress in industry and commerce —natural enough, perhaps, in a man for whom distances grow smaller every day. Sir Miles brings the same vigour and determination to everything he does, and this includes the management of his farm in Southern Rhodesia. But that geniality is genuine enough. B.O.A.C. stewardesses describe him as "a model passenger," and a strongly partisan feeling is perceptible right through the organisation: they are as proud of him as they are of the Comet!

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

By Avon, Thames and Liffey

A Midsummer Night's Dream

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

THIS is Athens-upon-Avon. I cannot remember the Duke's Oak in the sparse and elegant coppice that "Motley" now calls a Wood Near Athens—a wood that seems to have been only half-timbered. Still, the oak must be there because it is the meeting-place of Peter Quince's amateurs. I have watched the Mechanicals assembling for rehearsal so often since the moon shone upon my first *Dream*, that it is getting hard to separate fifty Snugs from fifty Snouts, or to set this Nick Bottom against that. But (though Roy Byford's full-moon face still remains unforgettable) the present cluster of hard-handed men appears to me as serviceable as any in the records.

George Devine, the producer—sharing his task with Quince—has let the dear fellows get on without too much clogging "business." (True, it is a good idea to have Starveling engaged, during rehearsal, upon some highly professional matters with Thisbe's gown.) The Interlude itself, before the Duke, nicely blends old and new. Bottom's tactlessly unfolding strip-tease turban and a charming little tombstone (*Hic jacet Ninus*) are noticeable additions to the "most lamentable comedy, and most true death." Anthony Quayle, who earlier might be a more dictatorial Bottom, lad of all lads, cunningly judges the idiocies of Pyramus; and we shall remember Leo McKern's Quince, in trouble with an elastic-sided scroll. Lion (Mervyn Blake) is a decorative and insinuating beast.

Good; but Shakespeare could not have written the *Dream* solely for Quince's amateurs, though it is obvious that he fell in love with them—as any dramatist, who was also an actor, would. The Immortals should count for much more than they do at the Memorial Theatre. I am sorry to admit that, after the lapse of a few nights, it is hard to remember the Oberon and the Titania. (Puck, I know, was a shambling bear-cub.) We have it, on reasonably good authority, that music when soft voices die should linger in the memory; it does not linger from the *Dream* because these Stratford Immortals can barely summon a note of music between them. The verse never shines, and the wood is not enchanted.

Years ago, Sean O'Casey, writing of a school revival of the *Dream*, said that the poetry "came to us with the fearless flow of a brook." And so it should. At Stratford Oberon and Titania dam the stream by working too hard. Their way with poetry seems to me to be desperate rather than fearless. Visually, they impress. The groves are not haunted by billowing butter-muslin, and that is a relief. But I wish that it were haunted by the sound of that incomparable verse.

The Romantics do not trouble about the verse. Here we bother less. They are agreeable folk. Barbara Jefford's weepy Helena, with the intermittent warbling note, and Zena Walker's tough little Hermia—quite plainly a vixen when she went to school—will do very well. So will Tony Britton and Basil Hoskins as the Athenian swains who cannot have looked into the future.

As a *Dream* without its poetry, the production succeeds. It is a half-hearted kind of success; but, if you will permit the epigram, half a loaf is (notoriously) better than no bread, and what we get is palatable. The next production is *Romeo and Juliet*. I hope that, by then, the young company will be in tune. We go to Stratford—as we should go to any Shakespeare revival—to hear the play, and it is disconcerting to find our ears apparently clogged with cotton-wool.

I had better warn visitors to the Memorial Theatre that this production is not a Mendelssohn recital with a few scraps of Shakespeare thrown in—there is no Mendelssohn at all—and, though I listened alertly, I failed to catch any verbal slip comparable with that of a not very literate Fairy who, according to Lady Benson, once sang with relish, "Ye potted snakes, with ham and tongue!"

"MARCHING SONG": John Whiting's new play will open to-morrow at the St. Martin's Theatre. Diana Wynyard and Robert Flemyng play the two leading rôles.

The Bombshell

(Grand, Croydon)

WE shall meet *The Bombshell* in Central London, I hope. Let me say that Val Gielgud's theme is urgent, and that his dialogue is swift, sharp, often witty. Here is a scientist with a conscience (there is one in *The Burning Glass*, but I find it easier to believe in Mr. Gielgud's); and here is a play that, besides debating important matters sensibly—both in a Midland sitting-room and in a flat beside the Thames—keeps a theatrical edge and precision. Look for it, in due course, in the West End. I was happy to see the leading parts created by such players as Christine Bocca—a young actress who can move with exceptional grace—Michael Ingrams, Joy Wood and Peter Stephens. The last was a nuclear-fission expert with the charm of a teddy-bear, though, maybe, your average teddy-bear is less calculated. Anthony Pélissier produced, and there had been a fortnight's rehearsal. The audience at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, realised that it was hearing and seeing something out of the ordinary. A good many dramatists can flick off the theatrical play. Others can bury themselves (and the audience) in debate. Not many writers can make the best of each gift. Mr. Gielgud can and does.

Juno and the Paycock

(New Lindsey)

Bussy D'Ambois

(Hovenden Theatre Club)

EARLIER I quoted Sean O'Casey on a masterpiece. Now we reach one of the Irish dramatist's own two masterpieces, acted by an Irish company and produced—with nice timing—on the eve of O'Casey's seventy-fourth birthday. *Juno* may have been expressed more subtly; at least, it is as richly-accented as of old, and there are two first-rate performances. Anyone with respect for the theatre should go out to Notting Hill Gate to hear the scenes between the Paycock and his jackal, and that overwhelming tragic passage when Juno, stricken, repeats word for word the earlier lament of Mrs. Tancred. O'Casey has always been an Elizabethan—I use this in the old sense. He has always known how to mingle the tragic and the near-farcical, and how—a priceless quality—to use the language, to let it (in his own words) flow fearlessly. Liam Redmond and Harry Hutchinson, as the Paycock and Joxer, understand the piece. Mr. Redmond is in a softer mould than Arthur Sinclair, but he can cope most ingratiatingly with such a speech as "As it blowed an' blowed, I ofen looked up at the sky, an' assed meself the question—what is the stars, what is the stars?" And watch the actor's eye-work, especially during the party in the second scene. Harry Hutchinson has the note of the mildewed, cadging, man of quotations.

The New Lindsey does not let down O'Casey. The Hovenden Players (65a, Shaftesbury Avenue) work hard with Chapman. If they do not succeed—though Wendy Errol has the idea—they should be marked high for choice of play. I never thought I should find in the theatre the spectacle of Bussy standing "till death hath made me marble." The Hovenden is, clearly, to be watched with the gaze of a play-going lynx.

David O'Brien : *Puck.*

Barbara Jefford : *Katharina.*

Keith Michell : *Petruchio.*

Zena Walker : *Juliet.*

Laurence Harvey : *Romeo.*

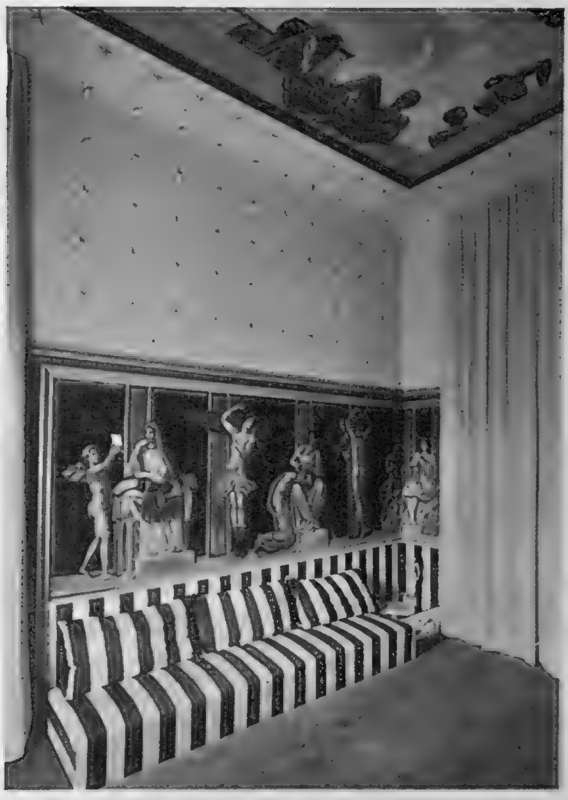
Muriel Pavlow : *Cressida.*

Leo McKern : *Ulysses.*

ACCENT ON YOUTH AT STRATFORD

Here are eight members of the Company of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, where the policy this year is to give leading parts to young actors and actresses, many of whom have developed within the Stratford organisation itself. Also to be seen during the season in important parts are Tony Britton (whom *Sketch* readers will remember from our recently-published photograph), Jean Wilson, William Devlin (whose *Lear* has been appraised by some judges as the finest performance of the part in our generation), Raymond Westwell, Rosalind Atkinson (a tried favourite for Stratford audiences), and the Director, Anthony Quayle.

Powys Thomas : *Oberon.*



Wall and ceiling frescoes designed by Mr. Goor for an hotel in the South of France.

Amidst the Maures Mountain Range is one of Gaston Goor's unusual crayon drawings in the present exhibition.

The artist finishing a sculpture in the Dorchester hotel's roof-garden.

The Art of

Gaston Goor, whose exhibition is at the Coombs and Percival Galleries in Albemarle Street until April 23rd, is one of the most versatile artists we have met. He can't remember at what age he started to draw, but whenever it was, he hasn't stopped since. He does recall that at twelve he "came under the influence of Michaelangelo and William Blake." Although many of his paintings are in French and American museums, they are not very well known here, and this present exhibition is his first in this country. In the last war he was imprisoned by the Germans, but escaped and made his way to a town

Apollo and Daphne is another of the drawings in the Coombs and Percival Galleries.

Amphitrite, which is in the exhibition. A surprising point about Mr. Goor's work is that he paints and sculpts entirely without models.

One of the many fine specimens of the artist's sculptural work at the Sunningdale Nurseries in Berkshire.

Christmas Scene, Provence (oil on canvas) compares strikingly with his crayon work.

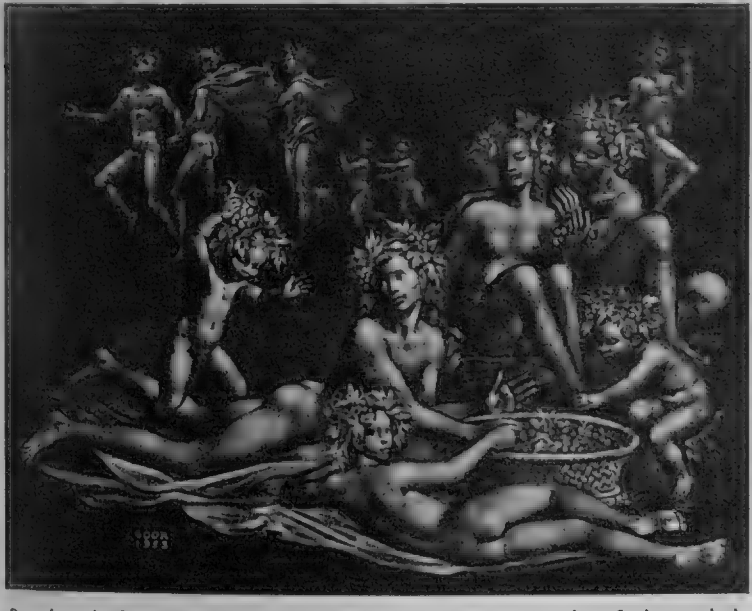
One of the many beautiful Sèvres vases for which Mr. Goor painted the original designs.

Gaston Goor

near the Swiss border, where he openly painted murals in a church ; secretly helped patriots to escape over the border. The Germans caught him, and this time sent him to a coalmine in Saxony, where the painting he did in his spare moments gained him commissions for the State Theatre in Zittau. One day he was taken before Goebbels in Berlin and was asked to take the position of Art Minister to Germany. "I was scared stiff," he says, but he managed to ask for six months "for reflection." (Upon reflection, he turned the offer down.) In England he has made sculptures for the foyer of the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden and, with Oliver Messel, a fountain on the roof of the Dorchester Hotel. His crayon drawings, which form the bulk of his present exhibition, are outstandingly good, and we feel certain he will gain many new admirers with this showing.

Part of a triptych for a private chapel in France.

Diana is a delightful version of an old theme.



Bacchanal, from the exhibition, is an excellent example of the artist's delightful figure compositions.

Sparta is one of the landscapes he draws half from imagination, half from reality.

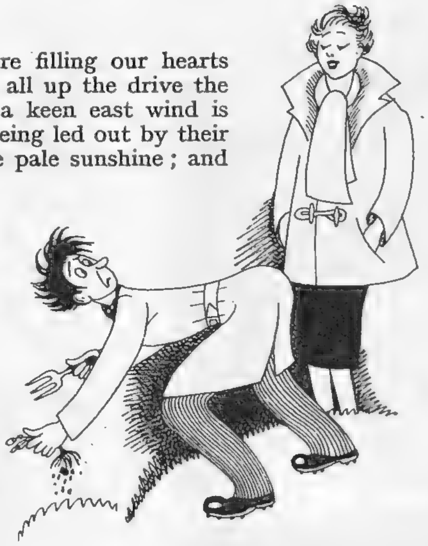
"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

No Fuchsias for Mrs. Whinebite!

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Spring is in the air; the daffodils are filling our hearts with pleasure as they dance in the orchard; all up the drive the crocuses are being eaten by the sparrows; a keen east wind is blowing; those who have had influenza are being led out by their relations to take a few tottering steps in the pale sunshine; and the newspapers are full of advertisements for cotton frocks.

As always at this time of year, a perfect frenzy of gardening has descended upon me—also lumbago, and I am inclined to be irritable with the people who stop at our garden gate to pass the time of day and offer good advice.



"I see your behind sticking up in the air."

"You ought to put some black cotton round those crocuses, Henrietta, the sparrows are eating them."

"I have put black cotton round them, Colonel Simpkins, and I know the sparrows are eating them."

"No need to snap my head off."

"Whenever I walk down the Lane, Henrietta, I see your behind sticking up in the air."

"Well, Faith, you needn't look at it."

"Darling, you are cross."

"No woman of your age, Henrietta, should wear slacks."

"Mrs. Savernacke, I only took to slacks because you said I was showing too much leg."

"Oh, well, I suppose it's all right if you wear your Burberry."

A red mist swam before my eyes.

"Gardening again?"

"Yes, Mrs. Whinebite."

"You're a slave to your garden, Henrietta."

"You might as well say you're a slave to your legs because you take them for a walk every afternoon."

"Temper, temper."

Mrs. Whinebite walked into the garden, her eyes darting hither and thither. She has a garden of her own and a whole-time gardener, but her attitude towards horticulture is not so much pleasure in growing things as fear of other people growing things better than she does. We all feel this is not the Right Spirit, and nobody gives her cuttings unless they are absolutely forced into it. "Have you lost any of your fuchsias in the frost, Henrietta?" she said.

Now fuchsias are my favourite flowers, and I've got a lot of the sort the Nurserymen describe as "suitable to be grown in favoured districts only," which means that I spend the whole winter in an agony of anxiety about them—covering them in bracken—uncovering them on warm days—rushing out in the dark to cover them up again when the six o'clock weather report predicts a frost, and spending hours in the spring searching among apparently dead wood for the little buds which show that they are still alive and will delight us with their pretty frilly skirts all through the summer.

"They look rather dead," said Mrs. Whinebite, with undisguised pleasure. "Mine are all right, but of course Grant took them up in the autumn and put them in my greenhouse, which has Heat."

"I didn't know you had any fuchsias, Mrs. Whinebite," I said.

Mrs. Whinebite looked slightly uncomfortable. "They're only cuttings," she said.

Of course I knew at once that they were cuttings from my plants. We had been told that while we were away Mrs. Whinebite had been seen leaving our garden at dusk with a basket, and though giving cuttings to people you like is one of the major pleasures of gardening, having them pinched in your absence by somebody you don't like is insupportable. A red mist swam before my eyes and I raised my spade in the air.

"Henrietta, put that spade down," called Lady B. from the gate, and saved me from the gallows.

Next day Mrs. Whinebite went down to Charles's Surgery and told him she was afraid I was suffering from a Nervous Breakdown and ought to go into Hospital for shock-treatment.

"She's had enough shock as it is," said Charles, who had heard my story.

Mrs. Whinebite said well, anyway, she'd warned him and if anything happened it wouldn't be her fault.

A few days later Lady B. gave a little fork supper-party. She said she thought we all needed cheering up after the winter and our heavy colds, and as Mrs. Whinebite was away for the week-end she didn't have to ask her, which was a relief to everybody. My Fuchsias were the topic of the evening and everybody agreed that Mrs. Whinebite's conduct had been dastardly but that killing her with a spade wasn't really the best method of retaliation.

"A little weed-killer is the answer," said Colonel Simpkins.

"For Mrs. Whinebite or the fuchsias?"

"Well, the fuchsias, actually," said Colonel Simpkins with regret.

"No, no," said Lady B. "Mrs. Whinebite has behaved badly, but that is no reason why we should behave badly too."

Little Mrs. Simpkins thought the best plan would be to wait till the summer and then for each of us to walk past Mrs. Whinebite's garden and look over the wall and say, "Oh, Mrs. Whinebite, what lovely fuchsias! They're just like the ones Henrietta used to have."

"What's the good of that?"

"She would feel ashamed," said little Mrs. Simpkins.

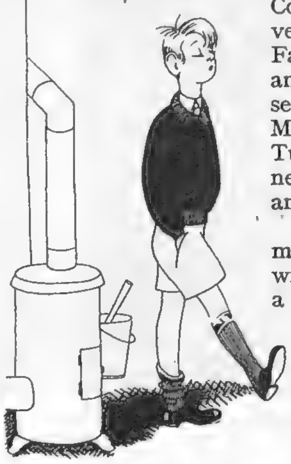
"It takes more than that to make Mrs. Whinebite ashamed," said the Admiral.

Finally we decided that beyond a slight coldness in our manner, which she probably wouldn't notice, there was nothing we could do to show Mrs. Whinebite our displeasure. After that the party broke up, and we all went home feeling the better for it, as we always do after Lady B.'s parties.

But a week later a most extraordinary thing happened. Grant, Mrs. Whinebite's gardener, got a belated influenza, and the boy Mrs. Whinebite got up from the village not only forgot to stoke the greenhouse fire, but left the door open as well, and as there was a sudden and very hard frost that night, all the fuchsias were killed.

Of course, my dear Robert, no real gardener can rejoice over a calamity of that kind, but I must admit I wasn't as sorry as I would have been if they had been Lady B.'s fuchsias, for instance.

. . . forgot to stoke the furnace.



Lady B. says the whole thing seems a bit fishy to her, and I must say I do sometimes find myself Wondering. The Conductor has been going about with a very peculiar expression on his face, but Faith says it's because she's begun another baby. Colonel Simpkins, too, seems in the highest spirits, singing loudly, Mrs. Simpkins says, in what he calls his Tub, and the Boy who Forgot has got a new bicycle, but it isn't fair to suspect anybody, and I try not to.

The best part of this story is that all my fuchsias except one have survived the winter. I have offered Mrs. Whinebite a cutting of each, but she says she thinks they are rather silly flowers and she isn't going to grow them any more.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Diplomatic Hostesses: Madame Dirk Stikker

Tulips and a magnificent painting by the Dutch artist Hondecoeter make a fitting and pleasing background for the charming wife of the Netherlands Ambassador, photographed here in the spacious drawing-room which is an attractive feature of her Palace Green home, one of the most beautiful of London's Embassy residences. Madame Stikker, a very youthful grandmother, has two sons; one lives in Canada, one in Rotterdam. She misses them very much indeed, but recently managed a flying visit to Canada, and at the moment is the happy hostess of her daughter-in-law and grandchildren from Holland. Gardening is one of her delights, so English flowers enchant her: roses, of course, but our chrysanthemums and dahlias are her especial joy. "But it is the English *people* who make our stay here so pleasant," she told us. "Everyone is so wonderfully kind, everywhere we go."

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

WICK TOWN COUNCIL : For Refusing to be Intimidated by the Lord Lyon King-of-Arms.

Some months ago the Council decided to register the Wick coat of arms, which bears the motto *Nisi Dominus frustra*—a motto that Edinburgh bears already. So the Lord Lyon decreed that Wick should have a second motto, and suggested *Wick warks weel.* The Council rejected it. This brought a stiff letter from the Lord Lyon. "Having regard to my own laws and principles," he wrote, "*Wick warks weel* is unquestionably the self-evident motto for the arms of Wick." Having regard for *their* principles, the Council decided that it wasn't self-evident to *them,* and continued to refuse to wear it. In this struggle, the Council, village Hampdens to a councillor, continue to defend the liberties of the subject against autocracy.

THE COUNTY BOROUGH OF BRIGHTON : For Setting Back the Clock a Hundred Years.

Brighton Passenger Transport began in 1901 with trams; before that the public vehicles were horse-drawn, unless you count Volk's Electric Railway, which opened in 1883. Brighton itself really began in 1753, when Dr. Richard Russell began his seawater "cures" there, but the Charter of Incorporation dates from 1854, so that this year the borough celebrates a centenary with exhibitions of all sorts, fireworks, flower and horse shows (but not both together, of course; the horses might eat the flowers, and the flowers give the horses hay fever), a regatta, and this colourful revival of a century ago, when horse-drawn cabs clip-clopped about the placid streets. Two hundred years ago, Brighthelmstone was only a fishing village. But historically, its champions are many: Thackeray wrote in 1854: "One of the best physicians London has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton."

MADAME TERESA DEL RIEGO : For Sixty Years of Song.

At the age of twelve, Madame del Riego wrote her first song, and since then around 300 have been sung by artists as eminent as Melba, John McCormack, Clara Butt, and Maggie Teyte; *Dry Those Tears* has been sung all over the world and translated into several languages. To-morrow (April 8th) at 9.45, the Home Service of the B.B.C. is broadcasting a programme of her work, and to-day is her birthday. Many happy returns to Madame del Riego, and good wishes for her next successful Jubilee!

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

Strictly Biographical: 6.

By Louis T. Stanley

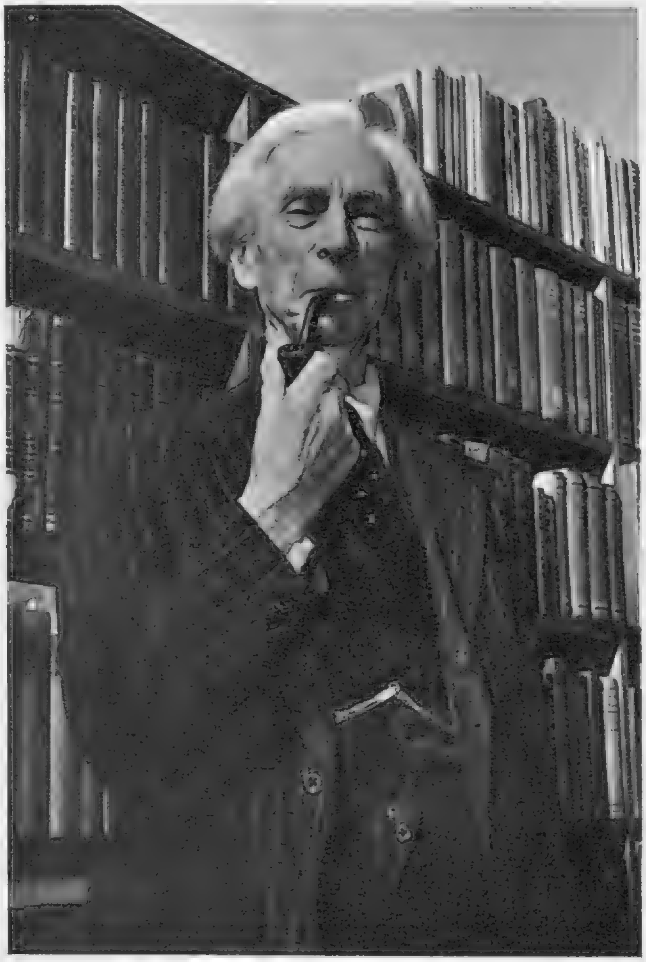
Bertrand Russell, O.M.

EVERY man has an ivory tower, a Freudian womb towards which he is always nostalgically yearning. Sentimentalism it may be, but it is not necessarily a sign of humbug. Many people use sentimentalism as a term of abuse for other people's decent feelings, and realism as a disguise for their own brutality. It is possible for more truth, more reality to be within an ivory tower than there is outside it.

The right and the duty of an individual is to create his own world and to live in it. If he condescends to less complete forms of reality, he is the architect of his own decline. In the ivory tower the architecture is perfect, the prospect always delightful. It survives the years and old age comes with the vision unimpaired.

That state applies to Bertrand Russell, though in a way I feel that his ivory tower is like a Norman keep, built to keep enemies out, and perhaps with inadequate recognition of its power to keep the owner in, even against his will. When the world is mad, a philosopher may find in his philosophy an incomparable anodyne.

I RECALL an evening spent in the company of Bertrand Russell. He is one of the most astonishing figures I have met. Very thin, upright, his head thrown back so that the light revealed it as a Velasquez portrait, he quite hypnotised me. His eyes were fierce and accusatory, but their fire was mitigated by a tissue of fine wrinkles, a record of a life of contemplation, and a secret, almost permanent smile. His manner was of great kindness; one would hardly dare use the word charm.



I have never forgotten that evening and the conversation round the table, for we were a small but varied company . . . Sir John Clapham, gentle of voice and strangely veiled shyness: the rasplike vitality of Harold Laski reflecting the incompatibility between his personality and his character: the strong, reserved manner of Field-Marshal Lord Ironside, imbued with democratic convictions and an autocratic temperament: the sensitive mind of Bishop Stephen Neill.

Such was our number, yet the memory that remains fresh is that of Bertrand Russell. He was in a profoundly serious mood, and his critical penetration was that of a genius. It flashed intermittently, but it wounded, and touched the vital spots in any argument he attacked. Sometimes he wielded a different weapon. He laid about him with the blade of good humour. He played the *Porthos* to Laski's *Aramis*. There is something clinical, lethal, about Russell's analytical mind. Before he comes into touch with life, he anæsthetises it. The passing of years has not robbed the great philosopher of his ability to wander "through strange seas of thought, alone."

It has been said that the British are distinguished among the nations of modern Europe, on the one hand by the excellence of their philosophers, and, on the other, by their contempt for philosophy. There is no doubt about Bertrand Russell's ranking. Not since Hume has any other writer in this country made greater original contributions to philosophy, and that takes into consideration the distinguished philosophers of last century and Russell's eminent contemporaries, Moore and Whitehead. No other living British philosopher is so well known in Europe and the United States.

Normally, philosophers employ a language with obscure and distorted style. Russell broke away from tradition and clothed his works with beautiful prose. It is no mere literary reputation, a distinction that would be evanescent, for what Russell has to say is of real importance. Even so, the task of an expositor of Russell's philosophy is not easy. Philosophers can be placed in two categories. One puts forward theories once and for all in a way that precludes any subsequent modification: the other admits the possibility of such theories being developed, modified and changed. Hume, Berkeley, and possibly Descartes are in the first category: Plato and Kant are in the latter. Russell certainly belongs to the second. Examination of the works he has produced over the past fifty years reveals that early views put forward with dogmatic assertiveness are later abandoned with lucid explanation, yet it is possible to identify both as the product of the same mind. He did not invent a philosophy in one piece, but throughout has shown a willingness to modify and revise. Russell's most creative work, on which his reputation is based, is found in two books, the *Principles of Mathematics* (1903) and *Principia Mathematica* (1910-13), the last-named being the combined work of Whitehead and himself. Much of Russell's pure philosophy is beyond the appreciation of the layman, and I, as one of them, have no competence to say much about it here. I can only point to its importance and to the part he has played in carrying the new ideas into the realms of everyday thought and even everyday conduct.

IT has been said that the wise do not readily commit themselves to prophecy. How foolish do all personal forecasts seem in later years. I recall a conversation that took place between Samuel Rogers and the young Tennyson more than 100 years ago. They were walking arm-in-arm together down St. James's Street. "How seldom," remarked Tennyson, "can any poet be certain of immortality during his own lifetime!" Rogers was silent for a moment, and then he squeezed the younger poet's arm. "*I* am, my dear Mr. Tennyson." Yet who to-day reads *Jacqueline* or the *Pleasures of Memory*? That unfortunate remark is virtually the only thing that is remembered about Samuel Rogers.

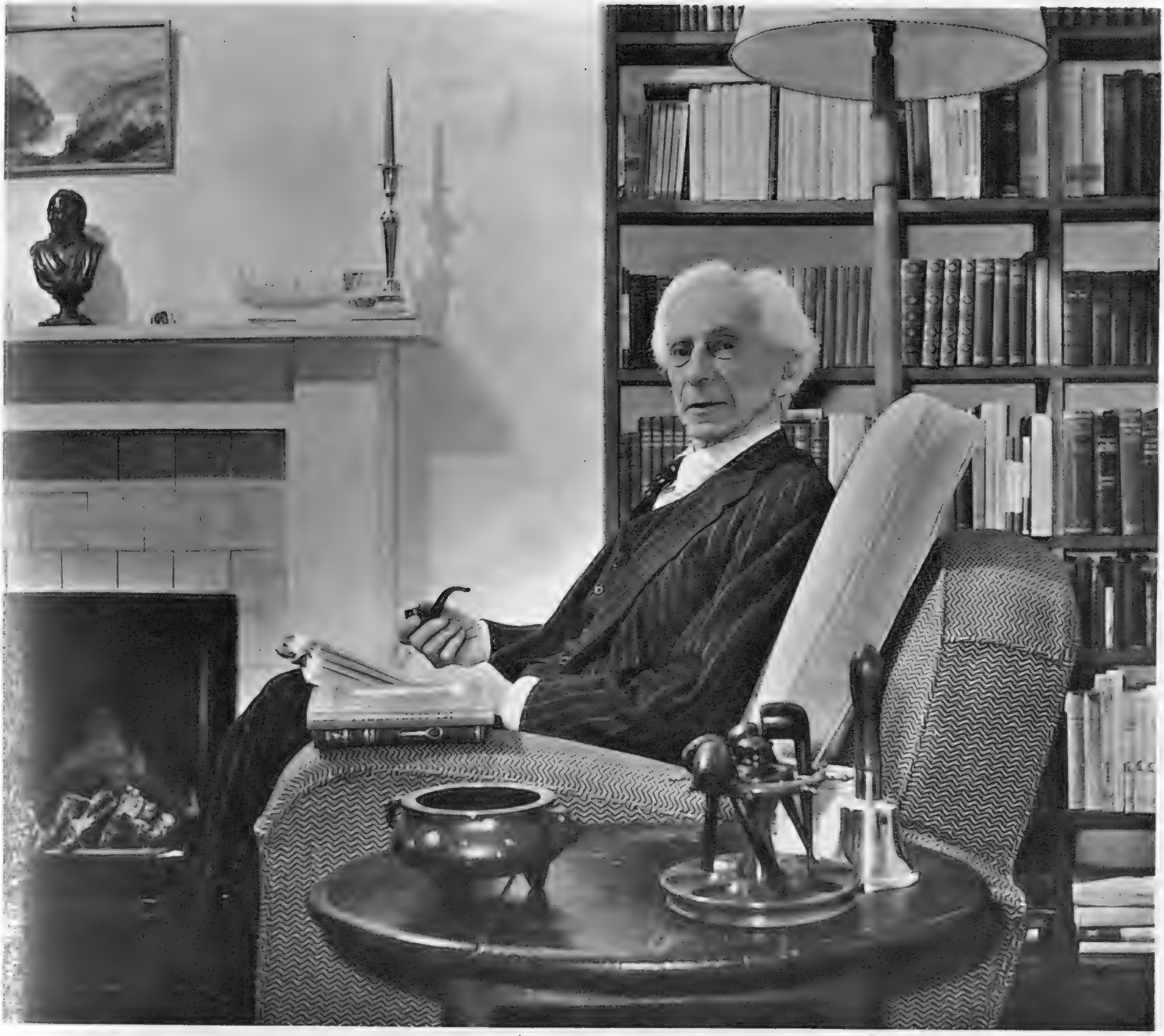
Bertrand Russell has gone to the other extreme. His light-hearted self-assessment ignores his unique position. The reader can judge for himself by this typical obituary written by Russell himself for publication in *The Times* for June 1st, 1962, on the occasion of his lamented but belated death. Originally it appeared prophetically in *The Listener* in 1937 and was later amended in *Unpopular Essays:*

* * *

"By the death of the Third Earl Russell (or Bertrand Russell, as he preferred to call himself) at the age of ninety, a link with a very distant past is severed.

"Russell's grandfather, Lord John Russell, the Victorian Prime Minister, visited Napoleon in Elba; his maternal grandmother was a friend of the Young Pretender's widow. In his youth he did work of importance in mathematical logic, but his eccentric attitude during the First World War revealed a lack of balanced judgment which increasingly infected his later writings. Perhaps this is attributable, at least in part, to the fact that he did not enjoy the advantages of a public school education, but was taught at home by tutors until the age of eighteen, when he entered Trinity College,

Specially photographed for "THE



Cambridge, becoming 7th Wrangler in 1893 and a Fellow in 1895. During the fifteen years that followed, he produced the books upon which his reputation in the learned world was based : *The Foundations of Geometry*, *The Philosophy of Leibniz*, *The Principles of Mathematics* and (in collaboration with Dr. A. N. Whitehead) *Principia Mathematica*. This last work, which was of great importance in its day, doubtless owed much of its superiority to Dr. (afterwards Professor) Whitehead, a man who, as his subsequent writings showed, was possessed of that insight and spiritual depth so notably absent in Russell ; for Russell's argumentation, ingenious and clever as it is, ignores those higher considerations that transcend mere logic.

" This lack of spiritual depth became painfully evident during the First World War, when Russell, although (to do him justice) he never minimised the wrong done to Belgium, perversely maintained that, war being an evil, the aim of statesmanship should have been to bring the war to an end as soon as possible, which would have been achieved by British neutrality and a German victory. It must be supposed that mathematical studies had caused him to take a wrongly quantitative view which ignored the question of principle involved. Throughout the war, he continued to urge that it should be ended, on no matter what terms. Trinity College, very properly, deprived him of his lectureship and for some months of 1918 he was in prison.

" In 1920 he paid a brief visit to Russia, whose Government did not impress him favourably, and a longer visit to China, where he enjoyed the rationalism of the traditional civilisation, with its still surviving flavour of the eighteenth century. In subsequent years his energies were dissipated in writings advocating socialism, educational reform, and a less rigid code of morals as regards marriage. At times, however, he returned to less topical subjects. His historical writings, by their style and their wit, conceal from careless readers the superficiality of the antiquated rationalism which he professed to the end.

" In the Second World War he took no public part, having escaped to a neutral country just before its outbreak. In private conversation he was wont to say that homicidal lunatics were well employed in killing each other, but that sensible men would keep out of their way while they were doing it. Fortunately this outlook, which is reminiscent of Bentham, has become rare in this age, which recognises that heroism has a value independent of its utility. True, much of what was once the civilised world lies in ruins ; but no right-thinking person can admit that those who died for the right in the great struggle have died in vain.

" His life, for all its waywardness, had a certain anachronistic consistency, reminiscent of that of the aristocratic rebels of the early nineteenth century. His principles were curious, but, such as they were, they governed his actions. In private life he showed none of the acerbity which marred his writings, but was a genial conversationalist and not devoid of human sympathy. He had many friends, but had survived almost all of them. Nevertheless, to those who remained he appeared, in extreme old age, full of enjoyment, no doubt owing, in large measure, to his invariable health, for politically, during his last years, he was as isolated as Milton after the Restoration. He was the last survivor of a dead epoch."

SKETCH " by Harold White.

TELEVISION TOPICS

KENNETH MACMILLAN.

HÉLÈNE CORDET.

ANDRA McLAUGHLIN.

MacDONALD HOBLEY.

T.V. PERSONALITIES : KENNETH MACMILLAN was responsible for the disturbing ballet *The Dreamers*, which was seen on television on April 1st. He is the youngest of the new choreographers who are coming to the fore. His progress is being carefully watched by Dame Ninette de Valois. Lovely HÉLÈNE CORDET recently made a triumphant return to television after five months' absence. Viewers will be glad to know she has only been missing and not lost, for they will be able to see her again next month. To-night you can see ANDRA McLAUGHLIN in a televised ice-show built round this glamorous nineteen-year-old American skater. Until recently she has been starring with Norman Wisdom in *Sinbad the Sailor on Ice*. Wedding bells for MACDONALD HOBLEY! On April 14th this popular television announcer is to marry Noel Scott-Gorman, a well-known model who has appeared in many fashion shows of the Top Twelve.

One Up for Opera

TELEVISION'S CINDERELLA GOES TO THE BALL

By CYRIL BUTCHER

AS I was the guest of the B.B.C. on that evening, I feel a little diffident about saying exactly what was my opinion of *Thank You, Ally Pally*, a programme which was supposed to bring the era of Alexandra Palace nostalgically to an end. So let us just say that the whole thing was saddening rather than sad and turn to other things. Opera, for instance.

Opera has long been the Cinderella of television, and has in the past scored some shatteringly low marks from Audience Research ; and not always without justification. So it is nice to be able to record a very palpable hit in the case of the latest offering : Bizet's *Carmen*.

George Foa, whose television opera productions have sometimes been more bold than artistic, had his courage well rewarded in this case. He threw overboard most of the stage conventions of this melodious old favourite. (By the way, *Carmen* was a flop when first produced in Paris, because it was considered "too unmelodic." One wonders if the cacaphonies of Schoenberg will be "pop" music in a hundred years' time!) He used film with a lavish hand and cut its atmospheric footage into the live studio sequences. As a result, the opera flowed nicely and became proper television.

He was well served by his cast, who obviously belong to the new school of opera singers who realise that they must act as well as sing ; that while pleasing the ear, they must not offend the eye. Anna Pollak's *Carmen* was wonderfully satisfying, without quite reaching the great heights. But I would hate to try to find a better one. Raymond Nilsson's performance as *Don José* I found exciting, chiefly from the acting point of view. Not that I grumble at his singing—though he might well drop some of the tricks in which a leading Latin tenor indulges. Nor am I prepared to do anything but praise Robert Simmone for his *Escamillo*. The rôle is perhaps a little low in key for him and—was it my imagination ?—the tight cummerbund of his costume did not help breathing. But the quality of that fine baritone voice was not to be denied. Lastly, I was most happy to look at Stephen Bundy's settings.

I WAS even happier to look at one of the settings Stephen Taylor made for T. W. Robertson's *Caste*, the play that time and changing fashions cannot kill. It was of an upper-class apartment of the mid-Victorian era and was just about the most elegant setting I have ever seen on television. The play, about a noble "Hon." marrying a humble stage girl, is too well known to warrant discussion here. But it produced a plethora of delightful performances : from Sarah Lawson and Jill Bennet as the humble sisters Eccles, from Robin Bailey, Brian Oulton and Fabia Drake, representing the upper crust, and from Sam Kydd as the most likeable gas-fitter ever. I was not so happy with the somewhat overdone Papa Eccles of Mervyn Johns, but most content with Harold Clayton's production.

Let us hope that E. Eynon Evans, who played the most rewarding part in his own comedy *Bless this House*, was duly grateful to his producer, Barbara Burnham. For, without her delicate touch of magic, his play might never have risen above its script : a trite attempt to solve the mother-in-law problem. As it was, and in spite of the fuzziness of the tele-recording, many viewers may have had a happy evening.

Lest I be dismissed as a honeyed critic, let me hasten to say that I simply hated *Stolen Waters*, by Lionel Brown. One was asked to believe that Mr. Average Man, having become a popular figure in a country community, is going to be socially ruined because he has to admit he is a Jew. This silly theme was handled in a mediocre way by Messrs. Ian Atkins and Lionel Harris and gave rise to merely competent performances from two artists who deserve better material, Helen Misener and Henry Kendall.

SORRY—coming to end of allotted space—too verbose about past programmes—never mind—always *Radio Times*—very! (Mr. Jingle).

But I recommend to your viewing *Cæsar's Friend*, by Campbell Dixon and Dermot Morrah, on April 11 and 15. This is the deathless story of the trial which altered the face of history and the faith of countless millions. It is the background story of the intrigues which culminated beside the Cross. Christ's accusers and judges may have been prejudiced and weak. But, this play persuades, they were honest by their own lights. Like all Crucifixion stories, you hope and hope for a "happy ending," even though you know what the inevitable is.

And, a week later, on April 18 and 22, you can see *It Never Rains . . .* by Lynne Reid Banks. We all feel desperately sorry for ourselves from time to time. So does the Bolton family. Father is confined to his bath-chair, due to an industrial accident. One of the daughters has gone off the rails, the other is killing herself, studying for a medical degree, and the son has involved himself in a shady financial problem. Then they stop feeling sorry for themselves and snap out of it. It can't do anyone any harm to watch the *Boltons* doing just that.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—5: DENHOLM ELLIOTT

Denholm Elliott, who plays, currently, the young man of disputed parentage in *The Confidential Clerk*, left school and went to R.A.D.A. in 1939. At the end of the first week, he said exultantly to a girl he knew: "Now I am an actor": she was not impressed. But it was a premature exclamation: he left after one term to join the R.A.F., was shot down over Denmark in 1942 and spent three years as a prisoner in Germany. When, in 1945, he was released, the repertory companies were still short of young men: he had to make his first appearance practically on the afternoon he was hired. After only six weeks in repertory, he was engaged for *The Guinea Pig* at the Criterion, and it ran for eighteen months. Thereafter the story is a list of plays in London and New York (*Ring Round the Moon*: they didn't take to it) and, increasingly, film work, since the all-seeing camera eye most effectively captures his own brand of detailed underplaying. Last month, as our readers will know, he was married to Virginia McKenna, who is at present playing in *I Capture the Castle* at the Aldwych; they were only given one toast rack, he says, among a host of other presents—"and a very nice one it is, too." Marriage takes up most of his future plans, but he may also find time for another film, perhaps abroad.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Reflections

BEAUTY IN THE HOME

Beauty waits at home. Shy and sweetly-scented with bath-salts from the chemist, she takes a moment to admire her own reflected image in the glass. Soon she must dress and make-up. But not even in the smartest of new clothes, the most entertaining of hats, will she look as simply lovely as at this moment.

in a Mirror

Beauty poses for the camera. Ava Gardner is the star of M.-G.-M.'s CinemaScope production of *Knights of the Round Table*, which will soon be seen at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square. The mirror has been carefully placed, the lights are aligned, the camera is ready—*Click* ! Another page in your scrap-book is filled.

BEAUTY IN THE STUDIO

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

An Apple for the Surgeon

Doctor in the House

(*Odeon, Leicester Square*)

WHEN I was a timid and rather priggish undergraduate at a northern university, I contracted a horror of medical students which it has taken me many years to get over. I disliked their rags and their rowdiness, their whooping war-cries and intimidating comic disguises; the way they swarmed on to trams, disrupted traffic, and held up passing pedestrians at the point of a jangled collecting-box, all in the name of fun or charity. Their manners struck me as embryonic and their jokes childish. Only the "theologs.," curiously, were as uncouth.

For the first five minutes of *Doctor in the House* I thought the old horror was going to reassert itself. From the opening shots, as well as the method of presentation, it was plain that this was to be another form of medical rag, and instinctively I braced myself against it. Everybody round me was roaring with laughter, and one knew this British comedy was all set to be a popular hit. Would I laugh too? Not on your life . . . well, not for a bit . . . smile perhaps . . . possibly stifle a chuckle. I think it was Kenneth More's comical face that beat me. Or perhaps James Robertson Justice, as the head surgeon, storming ebulliently along the corridors to the operating theatre, followed by his train of students ("Come on, come on, pursue me, pursue me!"), and sketching theoretical incisions in a dashing manner on the stomach of the patient on the table. At all events, I found it impossible not to laugh at this gorgeously gusty picture.

Adapted by Richard Gordon from his own book about life as a medical student in a London teaching hospital, with a sparkling screen-play by Nicholas Phipps and deft direction from Ralph Thomas, *Doctor in the House* proceeds at a rate of m.p.h. which is very seldom reached in British production. It is not a long film by modern standards; it takes precisely ninety-four minutes to show, but goes through them like a jet.

The story traces the career of a conscientious but diffident young man called Simon (Dirk Bogarde) from the moment he enters the medical school up to the day when people call him doctor. From the start he is taken under the protective wing of three seniors, who can hardly be described as conscientious, and are certainly not diffident. Grimsdyke (Kenneth More) is chiefly interested in flamboyant waistcoats, and in regularly failing his exams., because a fond grandmother has left him £1000 a year so long as he remains in training. Tony Benskin (Donald Sinden) is chiefly interested in nurses; Taffy Evans (Donald Houston) in the Rugger ball which he employs with such deadly efficiency on the field, and nurses in his bedroom like a baby.

These four room together, rag together; share the same teachers, textbooks, medical jokes and articulated skeletons; combine in the rampant pursuit of the hospital's mascot, a stuffed gorilla, which has been stolen after a rugger match by a rival hospital. And so, in a breathless, seemingly haphazard kind of way, they arrive at the end of five years' training.

Done indifferently, this sort of inconsequential story could be unutterably tedious; but *Doctor in the House* does it brilliantly. Nothing in the film is more to be admired than the touch of feeling, suddenly introduced, when the earnest Simon, not yet fully qualified, is called out to a maternity case, on a snowy night, without a midwife. How beautifully the relations between the anxious young doctor and the trustful, reassuring mother are shown! Dirk Bogarde has seldom played a better scene, and all my homage goes to television's Maureen Pryor, given and taking one of her too rare chances in pictures.

THE PEARL: John Steinbeck's story of the Mexican who discovered a huge pearl, to find that it brought only unhappiness to himself and his family, has now been filmed, and is showing at the Rialto. Here, the fisherman's womenfolk wait anxiously for his return.

The standard of acting all through the film is so high that perhaps I am unfair in picking out special scenes and individual performances. Everyone pitches in and does his effective bit. I doubt if there is any second-rate work at all in *Doctor in the House*. The two performances that stand out most vividly in my memory are those of Kenneth More, with his wonderful pretence of blunt artlessness (he is the nearest approach to a young Ralph Richardson that I have yet seen on the screen); and of James Robertson Justice, who has sometimes struck me as a colourless actor, but gives me the lie in my teeth this time by romping home with a magnificent flamboyant part.

Prophecy is an unwise thing in the world of entertainment. I have spent too many years in the business to be mug enough to risk it. I 'll only go this far with *Doctor in the House*. If it doesn't approach the popular success of last year's *Genevieve*, I shall be very considerably surprised.

Some Other New Films

MADAME DE . . . (Cameo-Polytechnic) is a short French novel by Louise de Vilmorin; which, in its Duff-Cooper translation, has provoked quite a little *succès d'estime* in this country. It tells, in a style markedly suggestive of de Maupassant, the story of a spoilt lady of fashion, who pawns her husband's wedding gift of a pair of diamond ear-rings because she is in debt: she adores her other jewels, and these trinkets don't appeal to her any longer. Of course, in this sort of fancy, they go the rounds. Of course they are bought and sold; given back to her by the man she loves; discovered by her husband and become the only objects in the world for which she cares anything.

Max Ophuls (*La Ronde*) directed. The cast is very strong indeed—Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, Vittorio de Sica. The haunting musical score is a combination of Oscar Strauss and Georges Van Parys.

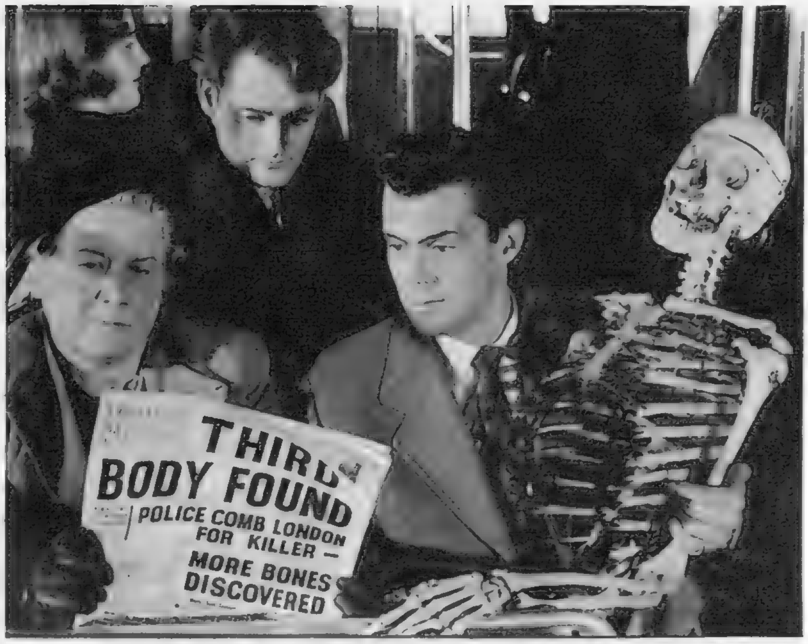
WEST OF ZANZIBAR (Odeon, Marble Arch).—In effect, this is a sequel to *Where No Vultures Fly*; made by Ealing Studios largely in East Africa; with the same director (Harry Watt) and several of the characters from the earlier film; and with Anthony Steel repeating his original part of Bob Payton, Game Warden. The dialogue, particularly the lines allotted to poor Sheila Sim as Payton's wife, is often artless to the point of extremity. But the coloured actors are so good, the photography so pretty, the wild animal shots so beguiling, and the whole affair so palpably honest, that one would feel a cad to speak unkindly of *West of Zanzibar*.

DEVIL ON HORSEBACK (London Pavilion).—Nice prentice effort from a promising director, Cyril Frankel, about a boy jockey with a genius for horses, who has to learn the hard way that riding to win is not the whole *mystique* of riding. Jeremy Spenser, John MacCallum, Googie Withers; lots of fresh air, and a good stable *feeling*.

EIGHT O'CLOCK WALK (London Pavilion)—Largely a courtroom drama, with Richard Attenborough as a taxi-driver wrongly accused of child-murder; Derek Farr defending. Contrived ending; far too much coincidence; but the film *has* an idea in that it shows how, for the duration of the trial, every responsible person in court has to forget that her budgerigar may be lonely or that his wife is dying.

RED GARTERS.—Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson and Guy Mitchell in a deliberately stylised burlesque of the Hollywood Western, played against vivid theatrical backcloths of parma violet, canary and raspberry ice-cream. The joke is a good one as long as it lasts, but it's a question whether it lasts as long as the film.

Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde), the new white hope of St. Swithin's, makes a desperate bid to score a touch-down in his first game of the season.



All this talk of bones is getting Simon a bit rattled—but his skeleton is far from closeted in this scene.

Black moment: Simon is left with a solitary pound after a round of Martinis and the lady (Kay Kendall) is ordering a sumptuous dinner, including caviare.

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

Betty Box's uproariously funny film of Richard Gordon's best-selling novel *Doctor in the House* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, explains where all those awful medical students go to and where all the nice doctors come from. It describes the various distractions to which four young embryo doctors are particularly prone: Simon Sparrow (Dirk Bogarde) is distracted by beautiful girls; Tony Benskin (Donald Sinden) by beer, racing and women—in that order; "Taffy" Evans (Donald Houston) by football, and Grimsdyke (Kenneth More) by any number of things. The traditional formidable-surgeon-with-the-heart-of-gold is played by James Robertson Justice.

The student trio have second thoughts about Darwin's theory.

Distraction number one: the landlady's daughter (Shirley Eaton).

On the carpet: Simon enters an ominously silent boardroom.

Tony Benskin sleeps peacefully, having just avoided matrimony by a short head.

Gang warfare between students—soda siphons at ten paces.

Grimsdyke decides Simon should be taught to appreciate the fair sex.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Vauxhall Velox

BY now we are accepting the premium grades of petrol without much thought. Yet it is true to say that to some extent they are wasted in cars which are not really suitable to their special qualities. By that, I mean that many engines do not, and cannot, get the best out of them. Thus, it is interesting to consider the Vauxhall *Velox* with the extra high compression ratio. One cannot help being a little technical over such matters, so I hope those to whom technicalities mean little will bear with me, and perhaps gather that there is something in it!

To a certain extent, the higher the compression ratio the greater the efficiency of the engine. But limit is imposed on this ratio by the fuels available. Pinking results from too much compression. Now these new premium grades are virtually "pink-proof." Thus, it is possible to use a compression ratio much in excess of custom in pre-premium fuel days. Vauxhall have made available in the *Velox* 2¼-litre 6-cylinder engine an extra high compression ratio of 7.6 to 1 as compared with the 6.8 to 1 of the standard engine.

I have been able to try this out in a *Velox* over some hundreds of miles, and I must say that the punch in the engine certainly bore out the theoretical promise. Acceleration is quite exceptional, and I was able to leave even some out-and-out sports cars at get-away from traffic lights. What is more, all this was combined with a pretty good petrol consumption. I did not have the opportunity to carry out an exact measured check, but rough calculations put the figure on the right side of 30 miles to the gallon. There is no need to make use of this high power output, of course, but it is still nice to have it available when necessary. After all, it can even be a safety factor.

So this Vauxhall *Velox*, with such an impressive power unit, is a car that fulfils most requirements. Roomy and comfortable, it handles well. The suspension is, I think, rather different in style to the normal British standard, and may well be popular for that very reason. It has a softness and character which one cannot really describe. It is just a distinctive "feel." I say that, not in any criticism of the general run of British springing, but merely to point to a Vauxhall individuality. I might add that I gave a lift to an American visitor who, after a while, asked me what the car was. I told him, and he commented that it was the nicest ride he'd had in a limited experience of British cars. So the "feel" of the suspension may be a transatlantic one.

CURRENT TOPICS

Vital Cold-Start Lubrication

IT is well known that by far the majority of engine cylinder wear occurs in the few minutes of starting an engine from cold. The oil has drained away from the cylinder walls, and lack of heat tends to permit liquid petrol to enter the cylinder, and combustion is not so complete, leaving harmful products on the cylinder walls. All this adds up to a pretty poor time for the metal of the cylinders until warmed up.

Various attempts to combat this damage have been made in the past, with varying degrees of success. Now on the market is the *Drok* Lubricator, which to me seems to offer the most satisfactory way of eliminating this cold-start wear. The *Drok* has been given a long period of development and trial, and it is extremely ingenious yet simple in its operation. Of course, it is automatic, too.

A sufficient charge of upper cylinder lubricant is injected into the cylinders from the device as soon as the engine is started. The chamber does not refill until the engine is stopped. When stopped, the refilling takes 2½ hours. Thus, it does not operate until it is really necessary, when the engine has cooled right down. The only maintenance is to refill the container with the special Super Lubricant, and there are no moving parts to go wrong or wear out. I can see that the 75 shillings which the *Drok* costs would soon be saved many times over in vastly prolonged engine life.

Valete and Salvete

VALETE: Colonel Stanley Barnes has left the R.A.C., where he has been Competitions Manager for the last few years. This is a busy job, since the holder is ultimately responsible for all motor sport in this country and for our connection with it in the international sphere. Colonel Barnes wishes to give more time to his business affairs, but will still play a part on our behalf in international meetings.

Salvete: D. H. Delamont, who has been assistant to Colonel Barnes, takes over as manager, and I wish him success in this not too easy job. If both of them wished for a success to mark the departure and arrival, nothing could have been better than the recent R.A.C. Rally. From all sides (which is unusual) I have heard nothing but the highest praise for the whole thing. The selection of the routes, the tests, the organisation. Not one word of criticism or dispute. After the fiascos of a Continental Rally in recent months, with bickerings and the rest, this R.A.C. Rally revived the joy of a well-run rally with sportsmanship at its best.

I had the pleasing experience of working with both Colonel Barnes and Dene Delamont during the war, and I know how they both apply themselves to any task in hand.

An "International" Model

THE people of Birmingham have been queueing to get into the showroom at Austin's vast works at Longbridge. The object of their curiosity was the Nash-Metropolitan. This car is the one that Austins are making to the direct order of the Nash Company of America, and, of course, every car goes straight to the docks and off across the Atlantic.

It seems at first somewhat odd that the Americans, masters of mass-production and producers of cars in truly fantastic numbers, should come to Britain for the production of one of their own models. Yet it was a shrewd arrangement. By selecting Austins they avoided any tooling costs on a great part of the car. Austins did well to get the contract in the face of all-European competition.

The car is a splendid little job, not so easy on a conservative British eye, either in style or colour, until one has been surrounded by models for an hour or two, as I was. But it handles really well, has a first-rate performance, and is a tribute to co-operation.

It is said that the Nash-Metropolitan will never be sold on the English market. Well, not for the present, perhaps. No doubt some U.S.A. forces personnel will get them here if they wish (and I am sure they will), and, sooner or later, they'll be around for us, if in limited numbers. I think there will be a rush for them.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Here Comes the Bride

The bride, in a mist of white net, drifts past the grey stones and ancient pillars of the old cathedral. She wears a full-skirted dress of white net and lace, with flowers from the lace pattern cut out to edge the neckline and wrists and to join the lace over-skirt to the deep hem-frill of net. Her head-dress is a tiny coronet of net and orange-blossom. Dress, coronet and long veil are by *Mercia*, Cavendish Place. The hand spray of camellias is from *Constance Spry*, South Audley Street.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

The Wedding Guests

THE guests at the wedding, the female relations, the mothers, sisters and friends, all wish to choose something for this special occasion that may be worn again in the following months. All eyes are on the bride, but she will want to see guests around her who look their best, making a becoming background to her own beauty. It is often surprising, even at the smartest London wedding, to see the widely different *ensembles* that have been chosen by the guests. They may range from heavy tweeds to a low-cut satin cocktail dress. We show two dresses that could grace any wedding reception and long remain favourites for a busy summer season.

Left : A slim-fitting, short-sleeved dress in the popular oatmeal-coloured wool, under a short, matching jacket, with deep, dyed fox fur cuffs. By Susan Small, price about 21½ gns., from Woollands, Knightsbridge.

Above : A tailored dress in black-and-white printed grosgrain, with a black velvet collar. Ready to wear, price 18½ gns., from Jacqmar, Grosvenor Street. The large white marcella and black patent leather hat by Erik, of Brook Street.

Cool and crisp in cotton is this housecoat, with a sand and white Chinese motif. There is a generous wrap-around skirt and a neatly-fitting bodice. By Frederica, price 89s., from Dickins and Jones.

A well-tailored slip in gossamer-fine "terylene," in a diamond lace design. By Supalene, price about 48s., from leading London and Provincial stores.

For the Trousseau

Lingerie in a trousseau, these days, no longer means dozens of every garment, patiently made by hand and intended to last a lifetime. Nylon and "terylene," so quickly and easily laundered, reduce needs to a minimum, although there is always a desire for the luxury of real silk. We show some useful and very reasonable last-minute additions to a trousseau.

A charming nightdress in "volante," a mixture of nylon and real silk, in many pastel shades, with a ruched neckband and full, flounced skirt. By Kayser Bondor, prices 53s. and 65s., from leading stores.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Photo.: Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

Elegant Economy

Many young brides prefer short bridal dresses, and we show one in white net, with a guipure lace bodice. The long net sleeves can afterwards be detached, leaving a halter-necked, short evening dress. The bride's attendant also wears a short, pink net dress, with a draped bodice and tiny puff sleeves. PRICES : Bride's dress, 20 gns. ; coronet, £1 9s. 6d. ; short veil, 15s. Bridesmaid's dress, 11 gns. ; pink, floral head-dress, 14s. 6d. All are from the Bride's Department, *Dickins and Jones*, Regent Street. The bride's bouquet of magnolia soulangeana, and the bridesmaid's spray of tropical leaves and green iris, are by *Constance Spry*, South Audley Street.

JAEGER

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

A NEW dust-absorbing polisher is an undisguised blessing for all car owners, for it enables them to keep their cars looking spick and span with a minimum expenditure of time and effort, though, naturally, it does not entirely dispense with the need for an occasional "wash and polish." The polisher, which is called "Nenette," must only be used on a dry car, though it can cope with thick dust or even dry mud. If you take care of it, one "Nenette" should last for several years. When it is dirty, after six to nine months' use, remove the mop from the handle and wash it in soap-suds to which a little soda has been added. The duster can be re-impregnated quite simply with "Nenetol" fluid, which is available in plastic containers. "Nenette" is equally useful indoors, for it produces a fine polish on furniture while absorbing any dust.

* * *

Usually when I am told that something is "all-purpose" I am inclined to view it with suspicion, fearing that it may, in fact, be "no-purpose"—but a household cleaning cloth which I have been using for several months now really does justify the claims made for it. This cellulose cloth, which is made in Sweden, is ideal for washing-up, general use in the kitchen, washing windows, baths, basins, cars or almost anything else! It is highly absorbent and has a chamois-like texture. When dry this cloth looks rather small, but it expands as it gets wet. The cloths can be obtained in two sizes, the larger size being designed for heavier household tasks like washing floors. There is also a "car pack" which consists of a cloth in a polythene bag; the cloth can be kept damp for weeks in its bag, and if placed in the cubby-hole of a car, it is always ready for wiping the windscreen, and so on. An addition to this range of cloths is just coming into the shops; it is a mat for the draining board which absorbs the water from the newly-washed dishes and helps to cut down breakages.

* * *

One of the most satisfactory cooking devices I possess is a two-in-one griddle, which I use constantly and frequently wonder, as I do about my pressure cooker, how on earth I managed before I had it. It is really well made, of heavy cast aluminium, with a flat heatproof plastic handle, and it should last a lifetime. The griddle is flat on one side and can be used to bake or fry eggs, sausages, cakes, scones, and so on. The other side, which is ribbed, is for grilling steaks, chops, bacon, fish, or what you will. I give this griddle high marks for all-round usefulness. Incidentally, it can be used on any type of stove, and would be a wonderful utensil in a caravan, tent or boat.

* * *

Although I have long been a hearty supporter of the salad-shaker, I have, in the past, found it rather more trouble on balance than it was worth. In a small kitchen it took up too much precious cupboard space, and hanging alongside the saucepans it soon displayed a positive genius for attracting dust. I am beginning to think that other people must have found this storage problem a snag, too, as I have now found a much improved version of my bulky friend in the shops. These newcomers are made of chromium interlocking wire mesh, and they collapse flat when not in use. I have seen them in two shapes—circular, or lantern.

* * *

Before leaving salads (much in my mind lately, as I've been trying to shed some winter weight) I must not forget to mention an egg slicer which cuts hard-boiled eggs into wedges rather than slices, and has many uses when you are preparing eggs for salads, *hors d'œuvres*, and other dishes. The egg rests in a fixed sectional cup on an aluminium base, and the cutters slip down on the egg, slicing it cleanly into six wedges.

* * *

I first fell for "Flexible Flo" at the Ideal Home Exhibition. There she was mopping up invisible dust, but clearly showing how she delighted to bend her back so as to save me bending mine. This mop with a difference has a flexible rubber-covered steel shaft which bends easily in any direction for dusting under furniture. The mop head is detachable and washable, and extra heads can be bought separately.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

"Nenette" Dust Absorbing Polisher: 13s. 9d.; "Nenetol" fluid: 3s. 3d.; John Lewis, and Lex Garages.

"Wettex" household cleaning cloth: 1s. 11d.; 3s. 6d.; Car pack: 3s. 10d.; Draining mat: 4s. 10d.; Harrods.

"Dandy" two-in-one griddle: 23s. 6d.; Jacksons of Piccadilly.

Collapsible salad-shakers: 11s. 9d.; 12s. 6d.; Jacksons of Piccadilly.

"Tala" egg-wedger: 4s. 4d.; Selfridges, and branches of J. W. Carpenter, Ltd.

"Flexible Flo": 21s. 9d.; Mop head replacement: 7s. 9d.; Selfridges, John Lewis and Army and Navy Stores.

He loves me . . . he loves me not . . . but there's no doubt in her mind that the love of her life is Peter Scott Sportswear*—knitted and fully fashioned—easy on the eye, easy to wear and easy on the purse.

* *in styles from classic to charming and in a rainbow of colours*

Peter Scott Sportswear
MADE IN SCOTLAND

Name of nearest stockist gladly sent on request

PETER SCOTT & CO LTD · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

Φ8

The Englishman's* Guide to Smirnoff Vodka

The Island Race are among the world's most discerning drinkers. They are, however, notably conservative in their tastes, preferring to stick to what they know than experiment with alien beverages of doubtful potency. Believing, however, that Englishmen* should share in the pleasures of cocktail imbibers in other lands, we gladly provide a few facts about the world-famous Smirnoff Vodka.

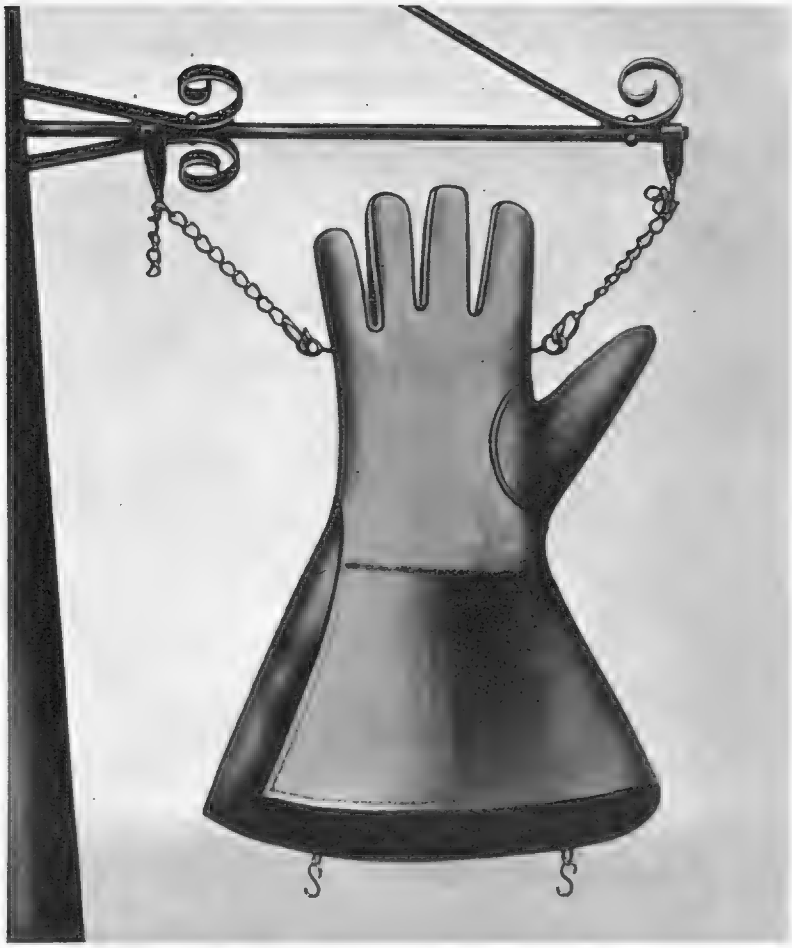
1. Smirnoff Vodka is a smooth palatable drink, no stronger than your Gin, Whisky or Rum.	**3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.**
2. Smirnoff Vodka is today one of America's most popular drinks, where it is used as the blending spirit for new and established cocktails as well as for long drinks.	**4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.**

Try Smirnoff instead of Gin in your favourite cocktail. Try a VODKATINI (Smirnoff Vodka and Vermouth mixed in your favourite proportions) and a SCREWDRIVER (Smirnoff Vodka and Orange Juice).

**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS, CLUBS AND BARS

Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls., Oval Rd., Regents Park, London, N.W.1. Sole distributors in U.K., W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd.



How near at hand?

THIS ancient Glover's sign is mentioned as being "rather rare" — how *very* different from the blue-and-white shield sign of Ford Dealer Service! No matter how remote or rugged the road, there is a Ford Dealer somewhere reasonably near at hand. And here is something which is equally true: no matter what Ford Dealer you go to, you will find a consistently good service, complete with all those advantages which make such a difference to Ford-owners. For instance, the mechanics who look after your car will be Ford-trained . . . there will be special Ford-designed equipment . . . spare parts will be readily available . . . and your bill will be kept down to a minimum because, throughout Ford Dealer Service, all charges for spares and mechanical repairs are low and fixed. This is, in fact, a Service which magnificently measures up to the ideal of 'Five-Star' Motoring . . . Yet another reason why Ford motoring costs less.

Ford Leadership

THE BEST IN EVERY CLASS AT LOWEST COST

Ford Motor Company Limited · Dagenham

CROCKED

"Good morning, William, I trust the Rugger Dance passed off without too many infringements. Fried egg?"

"Sorry, Gerald, I couldn't look an egg in the yolk today."

"On last night's form you surprise me. Remember that spirited home-coming when you handed-off Hawkins and drop-kicked a melon through the fan-light?"

"Spare me the gruesome details."

"Let's face it, William, if you'd drunk a glass of Rose's Lime Juice before you touched down on the sofa your sense of humour would be more robust."

"Gerald—a beaker of Rose's now! I will then repeat my flying tackle on the hatstand!"

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

makes thirst worth while

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

GUERNSEY

Channel Islands

FOR EASTER & WHITSUN

Everything is there—early warm summer weather, blue skies, kindly, courteous folk, majestic scenery, a thousand years of history, and every holiday pastime. Food is plentiful and cheap.

Send 5d. for illustrated brochure and hotel list to Dept. 51a States Office, Guernsey, C.I.

"You'll be looking like a fish soon!"...

"Well I hate to waste such a lovely pool and the instructor helped me a lot."

"Could you tear yourself away to play golf this afternoon?"

"Possibly, I'll see after lunch."

"Ah! lunch—swimming certainly makes you appreciate that menu."

Good food, first-class accommodation, courteous friendly service, unrivalled sporting facilities—all this and Devon too, is at the

PALACE HOTEL

TORQUAY

Manager: George Conquest, F.H.C.I.

Telephone: 2271

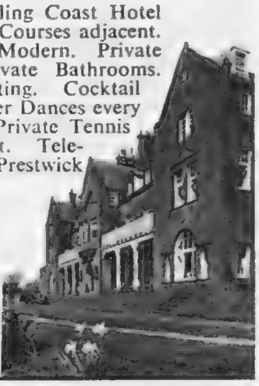
Through Express train services from the North, the Midlands & London

THE FINEST HOTEL ON THE ENGLISH COAST

Marine Hotel

TROON AYRSHIRE

An Outstanding Coast Hotel with 5 Golf Courses adjacent. Completely Modern. Private Suites. Private Bathrooms. Central Heating. Cocktail Bar. Dinner Dances every Saturday. Private Tennis Courts. Lift. Television. Near Prestwick Airport.



Manager: K. Vilvandre

Telephone: Troon 980

A.A.
R.A.C.
R.S.A.C.

4,300 ft.

Bernese Oberland, Switzerland

~~JUNE—the most exhilarating month~~ for holidays in the mountains.

Most beautiful period for mountain flora and excursions.
Attractive price arrangements by hotels.

Information: Tourist Office, Wengen. Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2

FOR **Acid Indigestion**

SO QUICK *to relieve acidity*

SO PLEASANT *to taste*

SO HANDY *for pocket or bag*

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS (REGD.)

30 Tablets 1/4½ • 75 Tablets 2/9 • 150 Tablets 4/9

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

MALTA

For Winter Sunshine

without foreign currency. Stay at

HOTEL PHOENICIA

Full details and rates from

Malta Travel Bureau *(GERrard 6477)*
24 Golden Square, London, W.1
(or any other Travel Agent)

A

TRIBUTE TO

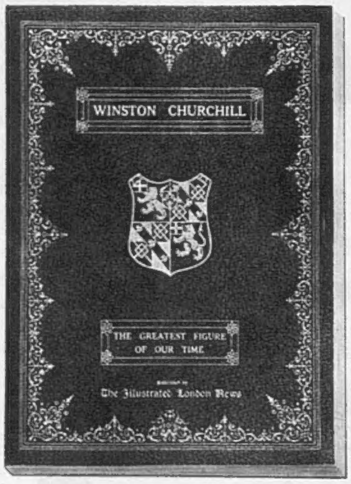
WINSTON CHURCHILL

In his 80th Year

Few men in their lifetime have more successfully established a claim to greatness than *The Right Honourable Sir Winston Churchill*, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., M.P.

Throughout an illustrious public career covering more than half a century he has shown a vigour of mind and a strength and clarity of purpose unexcelled by any of his contemporaries. At a time when our fortunes in war were reeling under shocks that would have daunted a lesser spirit, his voice, his words, and his wisdom—in Parliament and over the radio—brought the nation through to its finest hour.

Despite the greatness of this man and despite the debt the whole world owes to him, few of us, if the truth be told, know of Winston Churchill's background—his early days, and his kaleidoscopic career in the years leading up to the Second World War.



The life-story of WINSTON CHURCHILL makes fascinating reading. As a tribute to him in his 80th year, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is publishing—on April 22—a special 10s. 6d. Record Number in his honour, telling the story of his life from babyhood until the present day. It is a full, graphic and revealing account and includes photographs that have not been published before. As the demand is likely to be heavy we advise you to avoid disappointment by placing an order with your regular bookstall or newsagent at once, price ten shillings and sixpence.

Special notice with regard to copies to be delivered overseas: copies of the Winston Churchill special Record Number of "The Illustrated London News" can be sent to any part of the world, price 12s. 6d. per copy, including postage, packed in a special cardboard container. Orders can be placed with your usual supplier or with The Publisher, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.

SINCE MID-VICTORIAN TIMES

AN AFFAIR OF TASTE

Artist (who thinks the Royal Academy ought to give his Landscape a room all to itself). "WHAT SHOULD I GET FOR IT?"

Sir Gorgius Midas (who doesn't know anything about Art, but knows what he likes—and what he doesn't!). "SIX MONTHS!!!"

[Collapse of Our Artist. But struck by a Happy Thought, he proffers one of those exquisite "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, and under its Beneficent Influence, Sir G. is beguiled into purchasing the Masterpiece—for a Fiver!

20 for 3/11d.

It's always been

THE "THREE CASTLES"
THE "THREE CASTLES"
THE "THREE CASTLES"

for The Quality

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TT262J

"King George IV"
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
Quality Unsurpassed

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LIMITED
EDINBURGH

APRIL

FOUNDLINGS

This is a month during which many households will make well-intentioned but almost always unsuccessful attempts to bring up some young wild creature which has been mislaid by its parents. The half-fledged blackbird, the baby rabbit, the young starling which comes suddenly down the chimney like Father Christmas—they throw themselves on our mercy and we take them on the strength. They seldom survive long; the caresses of our children, an empirical diet, sometimes (alas) the cat, combine to shorten their lives; they have hardly been, after much controversy, christened when there has to be a funeral behind the tool-shed.

They have, while they are with us, the rather touching charm conferred by helplessness. They arouse in us—though not in the cat, who takes an entirely different view of their inability to look after themselves—the protective instinct. Their parents spoil our fruit, eat our vegetables and block our gutters with their untidy nests, and these uninvited guests will do the same if they survive our hospitality; we cannot hope for the handsome dividend which Androcles's lion declared.

We do, nevertheless, what we have done in other Springs. We bring out the bread-crumbs or the lettuce, we charge the fountain-pen filler with milk, we shut the cat in the boot-hole. And, very occasionally, we save a life.

The protective instinct is strong in all who have young people in their charge. To safeguard the future is a pressing need, most easily satisfied by using the wise and friendly services of the

MIDLAND BANK

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle · 10/6 half-bottle

New York: EXCELSIOR WINE CO., 150 BROADWAY

Teatime for smart people means—

"BERMALINE"

THE DELICIOUS MALT-SUGAR BREAD

Ask your Baker for it!

Lindt

THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1879

ALWAYS USE

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

Refreshes the whole Family

AFTER WORK, SPORT AND TRAVEL

Available in Toilet and Bath Size Tablets

ZENITH

THE BETTER WATCH

Since 1865

ask your local ZENITH agent or write to us for his name

THE ZENITH WATCH CO. (GT. BRITAIN) LTD
119 HIGH HOLBORN
LONDON - - W.C.1

I love

MENTHE BRIZARD

the Creme-de-Menthe made by

MARIE BRIZARD

who also make **APRY**—*the famous liqueur of the Apricot*

For friends at home and overseas...

...a subscription to The SKETCH makes a splendid long-lasting gift and it's so easy to give! A short note, the name and address of your friend (home or overseas) and our publisher will do the rest.

Subscription rates for 12 months	
	Home: £3.0.0
	Overseas: £3.0.0
	Canada: £2.19.0

Please address communications to: The Publisher, The SKETCH Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

"ARGENT, an eagle displayed Sable, armed Gules". Illustrated together with a contemporary illuminated border are the Arms of William Wilberforce, the famous reformer. Born in 1759, Wilberforce entered Parliament in 1780. His friendship with William Pitt is famous for their parliamentary and social activities which led to the abolition of the Slave Trade by the Act of 1807. Wilberforce helped form three well-known Societies. In 1787 he obtained a Royal Proclamation against Vice, and a society was formed for its enforcement. This was later named the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He also co-operated in the foundation of the Church Missionary Society and the Bible Society. Wilberforce died in 1833.

The Wilberforce family originated in Yorkshire. It was settled there and bearing the same Arms as William Wilberforce at the time of the Heralds' Visitations of 1585, 1612 and 1665. The family still bears these same Arms.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.

Issued by The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Wolverhampton

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1954. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.